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Daily Mirror

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for 1905.

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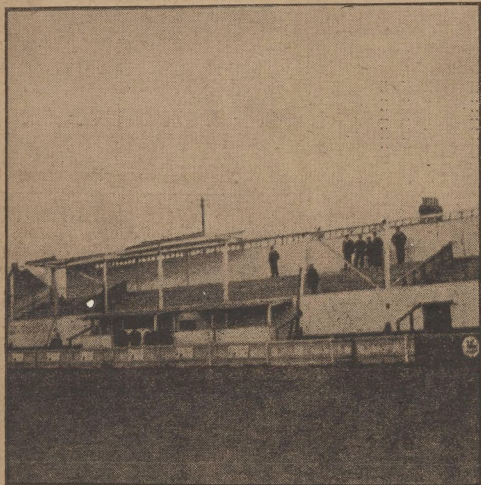
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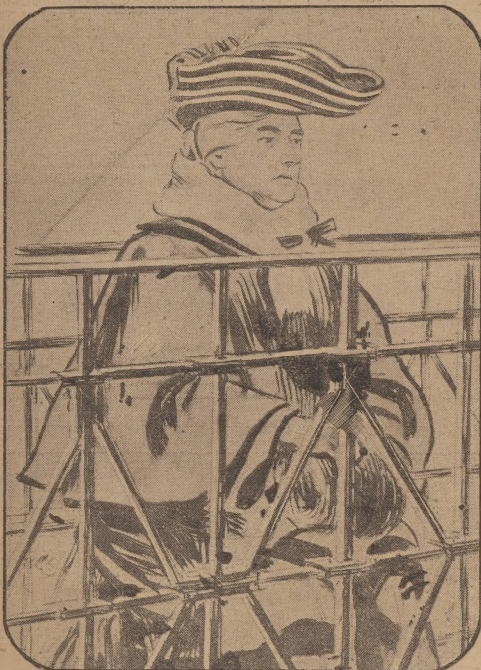
One Halfpenny.

THE WORK OF THE WIND.



The grand stand at Brentford. The roof was completely blown off by the gale yesterday.—(Wakefield, Brentford.)

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.



Miss Gregory, who is charged with having caused the death of Mr. A. G. Stewart, a retired barrister, of Gorst-road, Wandsworth Common, by stabbing him. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Manslaughter. Her portrait was sketched in the police-court by our special artist.

BRENTFORD HOUSE WRECKED IN THE GALE.



A beam from the grand stand at Brentford, which was unroofed by the gale, was driven by the force of the wind clean through the roof of a neighbouring house. Our photograph shows how nearly it struck a bed in which an invalid old woman was sleeping at the time.—(Wakefield, Brentford.)



Clearing away the wreckage caused by the destruction of the grand stand at Brentford. Heavy beams were blown on to a row of cottages, with the disastrous results shown in the photograph.—(Wakefield, Brentford.)

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

GREAT GALE.

Wind Sixty Miles an Hour in Some Places.

TALE OF HAVOC.

Wrecks at Sea and Many Strange Incidents on Land.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S ESCAPE.

The British Islands were yesterday swept by a terrific gale, which, during the morning, attained a violence that is fortunately of rare occurrence.

In many parts of the country the measured velocity of the wind exceeded fifty miles an hour, and in Liverpool, where it reached its greatest strength, the rarity of a "whole gale" (sixty miles an hour) was registered.

The disturbance was a visitor from Northern Europe, a blizzard having apparently swept Norway and Sweden during the past forty-eight hours. Up to a late hour last night reports from this quarter had not reached the Meteorological Office, and it is assumed that the telegraph wires have broken down.

There is every probability that the dying year will go out in a fierce storm, for the official forecast prophesies much rough and unsettled weather.

The effect of the terrific wind has been the loss of much life, beside damage to property to an extent it is at present impossible to estimate.

All along our coasts the lifeboats have been manned, and their brave crews have been busy at the splendid work of relief.

In the cities houses have collapsed, trees have been uprooted, and telegraph and telephone wires blown down in all directions, to the great danger and inconvenience of citizens.

Trains have been held up, boats delayed, and tramcar services stopped by accidents due to the wind.

The month of December, 1904, has now established a record for vile weather that should stand for many years to come.

LONDON SUFFERS SEVERELY.

Collapse of a House—Many Fine Trees Uprooted by the Wind.

Shortly after midnight London felt the full force of the wind: chimney-pots and slates were blown wildly about, advertisement hoardings were thrown down, and trees uprooted.

About noon a house which was undergoing repairs in Marchmont-street, Brunswick-square, collapsed. Three workmen were buried in the ruins, their names being Alfred Smith, William Smith, and Charles Finch. They were quickly extricated from the ruins and conveyed to the hospital, suffering from various injuries.

A large advertisement hoarding, 18ft. high, standing over two shops at Lambeth Hill, Queen-Victoria-street, was blown down by the wind. In its fall it broke two plate-glass windows, and fell upon the top of a van, smashing in the cover. Fortunately no one was injured.

As a cart, laden with heavy wooden doors, was passing along York-road, Lambeth, a sudden gust of wind lifted four of the doors from the cart and blew them like paper about the street. Just at that moment the Earl of Rosebery's brougham was passing, and the coachman had barely time to pull the horse up.

By the falling of a wall of a shaft-tunnel at some flour mills, at Victoria docks, three men were injured. They were taken to the Seamen's Hospital at Albert Dock.

In London-road the hat of a young clerk, named Percy Arthur Bears, of Heygate-street, Walworth, was blown off, and in attempting to secure it he was knocked down and run over by an omnibus.

INCIDENTS IN THE PROVINCES.

Remarkable Record of Damage and Disaster Due to the Wind.

The record of disaster and damage that comes to hand from the provinces is an appalling one.

At Birmingham a heavy signboard was blown down, pinning two women to the ground. One of them, Nancy Wright, aged thirty, sustained a severe fracture of the skull. The other's head was injured, but not so seriously.

At Landewy Skyridd a chimney was blown down, and, crashing through the roof of Wernwem Farm, fell upon the bed in which Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, the occupiers, were sleeping. Mrs. Watkins was killed instantly, but her husband escaped.

At Newcastle many telegraph wires are down, and yesterday only one was working to London, messages having to be sent round by Glasgow. Newcastle was also cut off from Liverpool.

A schoolmaster, named Stanley, of North-west Durham, had a narrow escape from a falling chimney. He was just leaving his room when two tons of brickwork crashed through the roof. The damage done is estimated at £100.

An alarming occurrence happened on some new factory works in course of construction at Stamford.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for the week-end is:—Gusty, north-westerly winds; changeable and colder; squalls of rain, hail, and sleet; bright intervals. Low-lying fog, 4.50 p.m. Sunday, 5 p.m. Sea passages will all continue rough.

When the storm was at its worst a huge wall collapsed. About forty workmen were employed on the premises at the time, and several had narrow escapes, but no one was seriously injured.

The upper portion of the Tuttle Hill windmill, one of the landmarks of Warwickshire, was blown away.

At Pointwell Mill, Little Coggeshall, Essex, a boy was killed by a tree blown down in the gale. At Prestonspar a Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had a wonderful escape. Masonry from a falling chimney crashed through the roof into the kitchen where the couple were asleep. Some of the bricks fell on the bed, but the sleepers were unhurt.

Falling chimneys crashed into a room occupied by two children at Ipswich, and they were so covered with soot as to be unrecognisable. An invalid, confined to bed in the same house, miraculously escaped injury.

At Ipswich a piece of lead, weighing 1 cwt., was blown from a roof on to the shaft of a passing vehicle, but neither driver nor horse were hurt.

FLYING ROOF.

Crashes Into a Cottage and Frightens an Invalid Woman.

At Brentford the force of the wind tore the roof from the football club stand at Griffin Park. One long beam was whirled through the air and fell on the roof of a neighbouring cottage.

The end of the beam struck the roof with so much force that it pierced it, and penetrated the bedroom beneath, where a woman was lying dangerously ill. The shock to the invalid was so great that it is feared she will succumb to it.

A photograph of the room, with the beam projecting through the hole it has made in the roof, is produced on page 1.

ACCIDENTS TO TRAINS.

Furniture Van Blown on to the Line Impedes Traffic.

Reports of railway traffic being held up owing to the gale come from all parts of the country.

The Lynn train ran into a piece of wood which had been blown upon the line near the River Welland, and the engine was derailed. No passengers were injured, but the traffic had to be confined to a single line.

Near Ardmore a furniture-van was blown bodily from a goods train on to the line, and impeded the traffic for an hour.

Near Kirkby the express from Carnforth to Whitehaven ran into a tangle of fallen telegraph wires. Traffic was greatly delayed by the accident.

Throughout the north of England the railway traffic has been much impeded by the high wind.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Coast strewn with Wrecks, and Many Lives Lost.

Disasters at sea, it is feared, have been more numerous than is at present known.

A vessel, the name of which is not yet ascertained, was wrecked on Knaveston Rock, Farne Islands.

Lifeboats from North Sunderland and Holy Island went off to her assistance. The former on returning reported that there was no appearance of crew, and fears were entertained for their safety. The second lifeboat remained out at sea for some time.

The schooner Bonpasteur, bound for Brest, foundered in the Channel. All hands were saved.

The turbine steamer Queen, which left Dover for Calais at one o'clock, sustained damage in the gale and was unable to return to Dover.

At Yarmouth the wind registered fifty miles an hour, and the roads were crowded with sheltering shipping.

Four life-boats were launched, and two vessels assisted into the harbour.

Many vessels of the French Channel fishing fleet have been caught in the gale, and great anxiety is felt for their safety, as the gale sprang up very suddenly.

A number of sailing vessels are sheltering in the Dover and East Bay of Dungeness. The steamer crossing from Boulogne to Dover encountered very heavy seas, and the boat train for Charing Cross was over an hour late in consequence in leaving Folkestone.

At Cockenzie harbour, near Dunbar, the fishing-boat Press On was wrecked, but the crew were saved.

The Southend lifeboat went to the assistance of a large stranded on the Nore Sands and brought vessel and crew into the Medway.

The Spanish steamer Ullao, which went ashore recently in the Channel, broke up in the gale, and the shore is strewn with oranges and broken wine-casks.

Captain King and the crew of five of the schooner Utility, of New Brunswick, who had to abandon their vessel during the gale in mid-Atlantic, were landed at Liverpool by the steamer Dalnathly.

FLOODED TOWNS.

Gale Causes Record Tide by the Coast and Up the Thames.

LONDON STREETS INUNDED.

Owing to the gale, many coast towns were flooded last night, and extraordinary scenes were witnessed on the Thames.

The tide at London Bridge was 4ft. 9in. above the Trinity high-water mark. This constitutes a record. It ought to have been high tide at 7.55, but the top mark was not reached until 8.25.

Shortly before nine the water commenced to force its way through the sewers on to the Thames Embankment, until the whole of the thoroughfare from Waterloo Bridge to the bottom of Temple-avenue was nearly a foot under water.

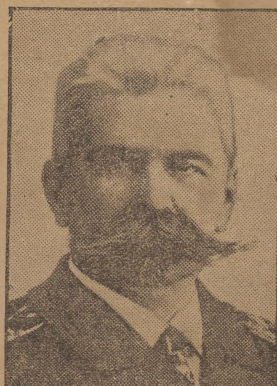
At one time the Temple Pier was forced upwards out of its normal position to such an extent that it was feared that it would become jammed, and that when the tide fell it would collapse.

The water overflowed into the S.E. Railway goods depot at Blackfriars, and did a great deal of damage.

Most of the Thames-side districts were flooded. At Wapping the water poured into the cellars of the warehouses in High-street, and completely isolated the Watermen's Arms on the riverside. Many of the streets were under water.

In Rochester, Chatham, and Strood houses on the

ADMIRAL KAZNAKOFF.



After attending the preliminary sittings of the North Sea Commission the Admiral has been recalled to St. Petersburg. It is stated that he is required to verbally explain certain of his reports. Whether he will return to Paris or not is uncertain.

banks of the River Medway were completely inundated.

Residents in Medway-street, Chatham, were the principal sufferers. The water poured into the basements, and the people had to be rescued in rowing-boats.

Similar scenes were witnessed at Sheerness. The water overflowed the sea-walls into Blue Town, flooding the district in the neighbourhood of the pier.

This unusually high neap-tide was caused by the heavy westerly gale blowing the water up the English Channel and forcing it into the Thames.

High tides were experienced all along the south coast. At Southampton, where part of the town was flooded, a publican lost all his stock of beer through the barrels floating away.

The lower town of Southend was flooded to a depth of several feet. For upwards of a mile the parade was like a river, and boats were requisitioned to convey residents to their dwellings.

To add to the discomfort, the electric light, both in the houses and the streets, was extinguished. The Foresters' Arms was completely inundated, and the damage is estimated at hundreds of pounds.

The tide overflowed the quay at Harwich, and poured into the streets adjoining the docks, causing considerable damage.

At Scarborough the tide swept halfway over the South Foreshore road. Many trees were uprooted, one huge elm blocking the road for many hours, stopping the electric trams.

The seas washed over the parade at Aldeburgh, while at Slaughted, owing to the flood, the villagers had to take refuge in the upper storeys. Pleasure-boats were floating about the streets.

NO NEW YEAR HONOURS.

What have hitherto been popularly known as "New Year Honours," though really the third instalment of Birthday Honours, are now a thing of the past.

On the coming New Year's Day, and for the future, there will be no list issued by the Prime Minister's department.

As before, however, there will be two lists published during the year—in June and November.

TOKIO MAFFICKING.

Togo Receives His Triumph with Embarrassed Modesty.

MIKADO'S THANKS.

Naval Heroes Lionised by a Gaily-dressed Crowd.

Scenes of the wildest enthusiasm marked the return of Admirals Togo and Kamimura to Tokio yesterday.

The city was gay with its new year decorations, and with flags and lanterns splendidly displayed in honour of Japan's naval heroes.

The two Admirals, with their staffs, arrived at the Shibashi Railway Station at 9.30, after a journey from Kure that was one long ovation.

They were met at the railway station by representatives of the Emperor and Empress, and Prince Fushimi, the Junior and Elder Statesmen, the Ministers, and many prominent Tokio citizens, as well as by thousands of gaily-dressed school-children.

The crowd was remarkably demonstrative. The hero of the occasion—grey bearded and dressed in a quiet naval uniform—was forced back from the carriage time after time by the countless hands stretched out to him in welcome. He showed a pleasing modesty and seemed embarrassed by his popularity.

Banners were waved and fireworks exploded all along the route, while the cries of "Banzai!" swelled into a roar that was never stilled.

At the Navy Department they rested a little, and then proceeded to the Palace to report to the Emperor.

HAUL OF GUNS.

Among the Spoil of Ehlrlungshan Were 43 Pieces of All Calibres.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, December 30, has been received at the Japanese Legation: "Port Arthur army reports as follows: Our occupation of Ehlrlungshan Fort was completely assured on the night of December 28."

"We captured, among other things, four large-calibre guns, seven small-calibre guns, thirty 37-millimetre guns, and two machine-guns."

According to statements made by three prisoners who were taken, says Renter, the defenders of the fort numbered about 600, besides some sailors. The majority of the defenders were killed.

RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE.

Port Arthur's Defenders Will Fight to the End Rather Than Submit.

TOKIO, Friday.—The Navy Department publishes this evening a copy of a letter which was written by an officer of the disabled warship Sevastopol, and which has fallen into the hands of the Japanese.

The writer says he despairs of the relief of the fortress, and gives an account of the destruction wrought by the Japanese shells. The defenders are resigned to their fate, but are determined to fight to a finish and die rather than submit to the shame of surrendering on account of starvation. The letter continues as follows:

"There is a large hole in the hull of the Sevastopol, and she is completely disabled. All that she can do now is to endeavour to repel the enemy's attacks. His torpedo-boats come close up to us and attack as if they were carrying out ordinary peace manoeuvres. Should the Sevastopol sink we shall land at a place already fixed."

"Among our officers there are very few who dare brave death; the majority have no desire except to save their own lives, but we are determined to die fighting."—Renter.

General Stoessel, in his last message to the Tsar, describing the severe Japanese attack and the defence of the Russians, instead of giving the usual list of officers who specially distinguished themselves, says: "No one distinguished himself. All were heroes."

BLOCKADE-RUNNING CHECKED.

Crews Will Not Ship, Owing to Alert Japanese Fleet.

The presence of a Japanese fleet near the entrances to the China Sea has caused a flutter among Continental shipping firms engaged in carrying contraband.

It is now impossible to get crews for the blockade-runners in the Continental ports. Consequently there are German agents recruiting in the neighbourhood of the West India Docks.

They offer £60 per month for sailors and £49 for firemen, but, to the credit of the British seamen, it must be said that even these tempting terms have attracted but few able men.

"If it is not good enough for the Dutchmen to take on, there's not much in it for us," said one grizzled old sea-dog to the *Daily Mirror* seaman. He had refused two or three offers, and could tell of mates who had behaved similarly.

FLASH BANK NOTES.

Dramatic Arrests of Alleged Gang of Forgers.

SECRET FACTORY.

Extraordinary Capture of Implements by the City Detectives.

A swoop has been made by the police on what is alleged to be a gang of forgers engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit Bank of England notes. Two men and a woman, who are believed to be members of the gang, have been arrested, and to-day appear in the dock of the M-nis House Police Court, just opposite the Bank, whose notes they are to be charged with forging.

For many weeks past a little army of detectives have been trying to trace the origin of forged bank notes, tendered in America, on the Continent, and even in London, under the very eyes of the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street.

Luckily very few of the notes were turned into cash, for a description of their nature had been circulated, and they were but poor imitations.

But, although the amount of good money got in exchange for the bogus notes was very limited, the number of notes in the hands of the distributing agents was known to be very large. There were thousands of them. Thousands more have now been seized by the police.

Bethnal Green Back Street.

After careful investigations the police tracked some of the notes to what they believe was one of the places responsible for their origin—a dingy little house in a back street in Bethnal Green.

It had been noticed that a number of undesirable visitors from abroad were in London, and it was surmised that their presence over here had something to do with a desire for a fresh supply of bogus notes to circulate in other lands.

The movements of these gentlemen with the suspicious reputations were very closely watched.

At the same time the New York police were shadowing a man suspected of being associated with the visitors to England.

Some weeks ago one of those engaged in the business of bad bank note making fell out with his fellow counterfeiters, and made a statement to the police. Detectives, disguised as railway officials, fishmongers, and tradesmen, verified the statement. The result of the whole inquiry was that early on Thursday morning, before it was light, a party of detectives, headed by Inspector Ottway, went to a house in Victoria-road, just off Gibraltar-walk, in Bethnal Green, where there lived a married couple, named Harmer.

The husband was arrested at once. Mrs. Harmer was arrested a few hours later.

"Blanket" Notes.

In the house was a great chest very strongly made. When this was broken open it revealed thousands of bad bank notes of many face values. There were also stones, plates, and other implements used by forgers in the manufacture of counterfeit notes.

In the box, too, were notes on the "Bank of Engraving," the sort of imitations used so often by rascaille swindlers.

Prisoners, notes, and implements were removed in a cab to the offices of the City Police in Old Jewry.

Later in the day the police made another capture. They arrested a man named Robinson in the West End. Last evening all three were formally charged at the Clock-lane Police Station.

An examination of the notes found in the chest showed that they were of the kind technically known as "blankets"—lacking the crispness of the real article and the clever imitations. Compared with the forgeries of the Barmah gang they are of inferior workmanship.

PROPHESYING DISASTER.

Remarkable Conversation Followed by a Catastrophe on the Railway.

A signalman told a remarkable story at the inquiry yesterday into the deaths of the four victims of the Aylesbury railway smash.

Charles Crookes, the signalman, noticed that the train passed the Aylesbury east box at a much faster rate of speed than usual.

Ganger Broughton, who was in the box, remarked to Crookes, "Isn't this fellow travelling?" Crookes replied, "It's a wonder to me if he gets round the curve." Half a minute later the accident occurred.

Even if the accident had not happened Crookes had determined to report the train's high speed to the stationmaster.

The train ran from Stoke Mandeville to the Aylesbury joint signal-box in two minutes. The scheduled time is three minutes.

The verdict was that the deaths were accidentally caused, and that the train left the line through being driven at an excessive speed. There was no culpable negligence, as, owing to the fog, it was impossible for the driver to see the curve.

The jury recommended that during foggy weather the signals at both ends of the curve should be kept constantly at danger.

It is expected that the writ for the Mile End election will be issued on Thursday or Friday next.

WAS IT "THE" WOLF?

Or a Tame Wolf Imported by Aspiring "Sportsmen"?

Was it "the" wolf? There is much scepticism in Northumberland as to the identity of the animal which was found cut in pieces by an express at Carlisle. People believe that the wolf which came to so ignominious an end was not the bold bad ranger which has caused so much havoc among the flocks of north-country farmers, but a younger and more innocent member of the lupine tribe.

In the first place, the beast killed is five feet long, and experts say the animal which escaped at Shorley Bridge was a young wolf not more than four feet in length.

But the chief reason for scepticism is a more amusing one. Many "professional" hunters who came north, it appears, brought their own wolves with them. The idea of these Tartarins de Tarragon was that if the real wolf was too clever to fall a victim to their prowess, they might still gain a first-class sporting reputation by shooting or "capturing" a caged wolf and exhibiting it to the admiring crowd. This notion is not confined to hunters. Its utility is well known to anglers.

It is believed that one of these caged wolves escaped from a train. At any rate, it is certain (telegraphs our correspondent that on news of the wolf's death becoming public two sportsmen left Hexham with carefully-guarded wolves in boxes and took train north. From reports to hand there might be a year spent in exterminating the grey wolves at present in captivity in the north if they were liberated.

MR. TRAVIS-CLEGG,



The Unionist candidate for Stalybridge

WIRELESS WIRES FOR ALL.

Marconiagrams the G.P.O.'s New Year Present to the Nation.

With the new year a new era begins in Marconiagrams. These mystic messages hereafter come under the special care of the G.P.O.

To-morrow anyone can walk into a post-office and send off a wireless telegram at 6d. a word to any ship at sea that is fitted with a Marconi apparatus. The minimum fee that will be taken is 6s. 6d., for which twelve words can be sent, but there is no maximum limit to the number of words.

If by mischance the message is lost in the air, and does not arrive, the money will be returned on exhibiting the official receipt.

All the apparatus on the ships answer to the same "sun," but the receiving clerk is bound to secrecy, and the message is as inviolate as a telegram on land, and will only be delivered to the person to whom it is addressed.

There are at present sixty ships fitted with Marconi apparatus and sixty shore stations.

ROYALTIES AT A MASQUERADE.

Christmas festivities at Sandringham concluded yesterday.

The servants' ball, which was a brilliant affair, did not end until three o'clock yesterday morning. Comic and fancy costumes predominated, and before dancing commenced the masqueraders paraded before the King and Queen, who also witnessed some of the dancing.

Last night the Prince of Wales gave a fancy dress ball to his servants in the Foresters' Hall, at Sandringham, and during the week the Queen, in presence of the King, dismantled the Sandringham Christmas-tree, each of the servants receiving an appropriate gift.

As the result of the concert organised by Father Bernard Vaughan in the Albert Hall in November, the sum of £1,207 has been placed at the disposal of the reverend gentleman and his committee for East End poor children.

ONLY 100 AT WORK.

Little Progress Yet in Mr. Long's Unemployed Scheme.

APPLICANTS INCREASING.

It is just nineteen days ago since the Lord Mayor's fund for the unemployed was started. Yesterday the amount subscribed totalled £35,520, but only 100 men had been given work out of the estimated 20,000 starving of London.

Yesterday the Central Committee met at the Guildhall and issued a statement of work done.

The number of applicants is still increasing, the latest estimate being 15,000.

It appears that next week about 300 men will be at work. Provision is being made to eventually employ 2,500.

The arrangements in hand are as follows:—At Hackney Marshes, Finsbury Park, Avery Hill, Eltham Park, Tooting Common, Victoria Park, Waterloo Park, Streatham Common, and Ladywell work has been found for 646 men.

It was stated that the work in hand only employed ninety men for six weeks on the L.C.C. works on the Norbury and Totterdown Estate.

The Holborn to Strand improvement and work at Bermondsey will employ 120 more.

An important item of the programme is at Long Grove, near Epsom. There 100 men start next week, and will be added to at the rate of 100 per week until a total of 1,000 is reached.

Work is in course of preparation by the City Markets Committee which is to cost £4,600. The scaffolding is being erected, and the operations will provide employment for a large number of painters.

20 for the Garden City.

Arrangements for the employment of men at the Garden City, near Hitchin, are well advanced. Twenty men will be there next week, and up to 200 will possibly be sent there.

The only Government office at present assisting the committee is the Woods and Forests Department, which has been making inquiries with a view to finding employment for men.

The Committee says it has more to cope with than it knows how, and it does not see how it can take in West Ham and Tottenham.

Meanwhile, hundreds of letters have come in to this office showing what the unemployed think and feel.

"I wished to apply for work," writes "A. W." to Mr. Long's committee, but the document I got from a free library appalled me. It contained close on thirty questions, as searching as though I had wanted work as a bank clerk. I could not tackle the document, so I went to the borough council and the town hall, and had my name and address entered in a huge book. As a married man with a large family, my case was quickly investigated, but even that meant a four days' wait. Then two investigators called, and after a week I had a postcard.

I presented myself at the place appointed, but this was a fortnight before I was earning a few shillings."

"C. W." sends a piteous complaint from Islington:—

"I registered my name at the Labour Bureau at Islington the second day it opened, about six days ago next Tuesday, and from that day to this I have never heard from the place, or had an hour's work from it, and I have re-registered my name every seven days, according to the rules."

JUMPING FOR JOY.

Welsh Revivalists near Cardiff Imitating the "Pentecostal Dancers."

Stirring scenes are still being witnessed at the revival meetings conducted by Evan Roberts, the evangelist, at Morriston.

At the morning meeting a young minister said that he had almost broken his mother's heart by coming home drunk when thirteen. At fifteen, he nearly completed the work by sending for a cheque on account of gambling debts. Now the spirit had taken full possession of him, and he meant to burn his pipes when he returned home.

Scenes of great enthusiasm were witnessed at Pontardulais. Old men and young boys vied with each other in the exuberance of their manifestations of joy; caps and hats were waved and thrown in the air; white-haired men literally jumped and danced, whilst a score of prayers could be heard simultaneously.

RIVAL FAT BOYS.

The Kentish rival to the Peckham fat boy celebrated his thirteenth birthday yesterday.

This boy, Charles Law Watts, now weighs 23st, and has put on several stones in weight since his last birthday. He is the son of a small farmer living in the parish of Woodchurch, near Ashford.

Johnnie Trundle, the Peckham fat boy, is six years old and weighs 13st.

TIRED OF THE WORLD'S MADNESS.

"The world is mad. It has no sense in it. The universe has gone on war, religious revivals, football, and politics. I have had enough of it." The above is taken from a note left by James Shillan, an insurance agent, of Brantree, who hanged himself.

COTTON BONFIRE.

Lancashire Enraged at Wanton Destruction by American Growers.

The spinners of Lancashire are very indignant at the action of the farmers of Georgia, who are reported to have burnt £20,000 worth of raw cotton in order to stop the fall in prices.

On the Liverpool Exchange yesterday there was a remarkable fluctuation in prices. Cotton opened 4 to 8 points down and closed 6 to 9 points up.

An influential member of the Spinners' Federation characterised the action of the American farmers as "like burning our bread before our eyes."

"Last season's shortage brought want and misery to Lancashire. For months many starved because the mills were idle, and the loss is inestimable."

"Now, with the prospect of a bumper crop, Lancashire hoped to see the end of her trials, but she must continue to suffer for all American planters care."

Lancashire operatives are talking of retaliatory measures, with the object of creating an alternative source of supply. They have already contributed £5,000 to push the growth of raw cotton in Africa and the West Indies.

"The American growers can burn their stocks as much as they please when the imperial cotton-growing scheme has emancipated us from our difficulties," said an official of the British Cotton-growing Association.

WOOLWICH REJOICES.

New Artillery Will Restore Prosperity to the Arsenal Town.

Woolwich is greatly rejoiced at the prospect of renewed prosperity promised by the announcement that the artillery is to be rearmcd.

It is not known yet how many guns are to be made at the Arsenal, but it is expected that a definite order will be given immediately.

Work has been exceedingly slack at Woolwich for some time now. Nearly 20,000 men have been discharged since the Boer war, and half of these are still unemployed.

Of all the departments, the gunnery establishments have been most affected. Here there has been no employment whatever. Now a period of prosperity is looked forward to.

The cost of the rearmament is given at various sums from 2½ millions to 3½ millions.

Part of the order will be given to Messrs. L. Cammell and Co., of Sheffield.

MYSTERY OF A GUN.

New Piece of English Artillery Sent to French Gunmakers.

Confirmation is to hand of the statement made by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that a new pattern English artillery gun, with its full equipment, was landed recently at Calais.

Telegraphing from that port last night, our correspondent said:—

"The English artillery gun was landed here on Christmas Eve from the London steamer Albert. The weight of the gun was 15cwts., and it was dispatched by rail to a firm of gun manufacturers at Vincennes, near Paris."

It has been announced that in addition to orders for the new British guns given to several English firms an order for some has also been sent to the French firm of Canet. The mysterious dispatch of this gun to France makes it appear that there was some foundation for the statement.

The Mayor of Hornsey has opened a fund for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. Albert Hardwick, who pluckily saved a lady's life at Finsbury Park Station.

EVERY READER OF THE NEW YEAR'S

"WEEKLY DISPATCH,"

TO-MORROW,

will receive an Almanack for 1905, containing 32 pages of useful household - - - information. - - -

TO-MORROW'S

"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

HEROINE OF THE SEA.

Woman's Thrilling Story of a Tempestuous Voyage.

ADRIFT IN MID-OCEAN.

The story of one of the most desperate battles with wind and sea was told yesterday by a woman who had the unusual experience of tossing about in mid-Atlantic in an unmanageable sailing vessel. This lady, her husband—Mr. Nelson, the skipper of the American schooner, W. R. Chester—and his crew, were landed at Southampton from the South-Western steamer Columbia.

Mrs. Nelson gave a dramatic account of her experience. She had accompanied her husband on many a perilous voyage during eighteen years, having been shipwrecked once before, but all past adventures were totally eclipsed by her latest.

The W. R. Chester left St. Martins, New Brunswick, on November 23, for Barbadoes, West Indies, with a cargo of lumber and spars.

"We had only been a day at sea," said Mrs. Nelson, "when rough weather forced us to run for shelter into Jones Port, lest we should all have been sent to Jones's locker. An injured sailor had to be left behind in hospital."

Scarcely had the vessel put to sea again when the gale resumed its fury. Sails were torn to

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.



He is controlling the arrangements for transferring the King's stud to Lady Mow's farm at Theobald's Park, near Enfield. Lord Marcus usually acts for the King in all matters connected with the Turf.—(Maull and Fox.)

shreds, masts snapped, rudder damaged, and sky-lit fled away, and the schooner put at the mercy of the elements.

The ship now rocked like a cradle, and had the cargo shifted she could not have kept afloat. She was quite unmanageable, and the crew, who had fortunately plenty of provisions, could do nothing but scan the horizon for some friend in need. This came after four days of battling and hoping, on December 11, in the form of the steamship Anglo-Chilian.

Bereft of boats, the crew had to be saved by two which the skipper of the rescuing ship sent to their aid.

"They got me into a boat with a bow-line round my waist," said Mrs. Nelson, "and the sailors gave a ringing cheer as I was hauled on deck. Everybody on board the British ship was most kind."

After having two of her hatches and a boat broken by the continued ferocity of the storm, the Anglo-Chilian landed the rescued party at Havre, whence they were conveyed to Southampton by the steamer Columbia. The skipper and his heroic wife expect to be sent home to America by the good offices of the American Consul.

IMPOSTOR AND THE QUEEN

Appeals to Distinguished People by a Begging-Letter Writer.

An impudent impostor, who addressed begging letters to her Majesty the Queen and many members of the nobility, was sentenced by the Marylebone magistrate yesterday.

The letters written by the prisoner, Frederick Robinson, who was described as a barman, made pathetic appeals for assistance. However, Mrs. Bentham, of Bryanston-street, W., to whom he wrote of a lost wife and child—he added a pious expression of hope that they were in Heaven—disturbed his statements, and communicated with the police.

All Robinson's appeals were in the same strain, and among the well-known people to whom at various times he addressed them were Lady Derby, Lord Farquhar, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Lady Smyth, of Inverness-terrace.

"I have spent my dear mother many years," he wrote to Lady Smyth, "But, thank God, she has now gone to her Father's home above, where all is sunshine and happiness. May such be your ladyship's happy end." But nine months later he wrote of his wife and twenty-four children going to stay with his "dear, widowed mother" at Watford. The police found on him letters from Miss Knollys in answer to pleas which he had forwarded to her Majesty the Queen at Sandringham and Buckingham Palace.

When arrested Robinson confessed that the statements in his letters were wholly untrue, except as far as he alluded to his ill-health.

Mr. Curtis Bennett inflicted the heaviest sentence in his power—one of three months' imprisonment.

SUFFOCATED IN SLEEP.

How Volumes of Gas Suddenly Escaped from a Street Main.

The cause of the escape of gas by which a widow named Mrs. Mansfield and her boy Sidney, of Little George-street, Hampstead-road, were suffocated in their sleep on Wednesday night, was explained at the inquest yesterday.

Examination of the main, which had been laid in the ordinary way in a natural earth trench some ten years ago, showed that in the course of time the ground under the pipe gradually sank, leaving the pipe in much the form of a girder. It was only two feet below the surface, and—said William Wigley, a main inspector, probably owing to recent heavy traffic through the street—the pipe had evidently suddenly snapped cleanly, and so liberated a great and continuous volume of gas.

Percolation would immediately commence, and very likely twenty minutes sufficed for the gas to enter Mrs. Mansfield's house and the other premises on the same side of the road.

Mrs. Mansfield's eldest daughter, Marian, who was found unconscious in the same room as her mother, could only recollect that she was aroused about midnight by her mother, who said her sister appeared to be ill. She got out of bed, and at that moment her mother fell, and she herself lost consciousness.

Verdicts of Accidental Death were returned.

BARRACK-ROOM TRAGEDY.

Bombardier's Death After Accepting an Invitation to Drink.

The tragic scene in a barrack-room at Shrappell Barracks, Woolwich, when Bombardier Bannerman drank from a bottle at the invitation of Shoeing-Smith John Marsh, and immediately became so ill that he died some hours later, was described to the South-East London coroner yesterday.

Marsh, who is accused of murdering Bannerman, said to Sergeant Heaton, of the 144th Battery Royal Field Artillery, "All I can say is I had a couple of bottles of beer and the bottle containing ammonia alongside my bed. I asked Bombardier Bannerman if he would have a drink. The bombardier said 'Yes,' and before I could notice him he drank out of the bottle containing the ammonia." The inquest was adjourned.

NO BLAME FOR A BLUNDER.

It was proved at Scarborough yesterday that Charles Bulmer, an auctioneer's assistant, had been wrongly accused of the theft of two pairs of boots.

The chairman of the Bench, in dismissing the charge, said he did not consider the police to blame as the mistake would not have occurred if Bulmer had not made an incorrect statement when attempting to pawn the boots.

BOW-STREET RECORD.

There were only two prisoners before the Bow-street magistrate, yesterday, and both cases—charges of drunkenness—were disposed of in exactly two minutes. Never in the history of the court has there been such a light list as this.

NEW YEAR'S CHANGES

Are You Affected by To-morrow's Innovations?

IMPORTANT NEW LAWS.

Greatest of all the changes which the new year brings is produced by the new Licensing Act providing compensation for the non-renewal of licences.

For the future quarter sessions will take the place of the county licensing committees, and they will have power to refuse to renew licences on other grounds than the bad management of the premises or the unfitness of the proprietor.

But their power is only to be exercised on reference from the Licensing Justices and on payment of compensation. The money for this compensation is levied from the publicans themselves.

Shop Hours Act.

Local option in the matter of early closing also comes into operation with the new year.

In order to secure uniformity south of the Thames delegates from all the South London borough councils will meet at the Town Hall, Lewisham, on January 13.

The person with an invention will, in 1905, be better treated than hitherto. The old, haphazard system by which inventors after patenting an article often discovered that it had been anticipated by someone else is now done away with.

In future an examining staff at the Patent Office will make careful search and tell the applicant whether there is a prior patent.

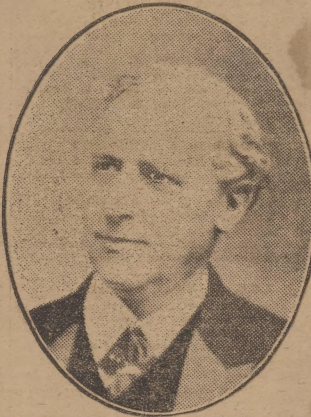
The Anglo-French Convention Act and the Irish Land Act also come into force.

Between the hours of seven and nine a.m. the streets of Putney and Wandsworth will in future be decorated with rows of dustbins.

Householders have been notified that they must place their dustbins for collection in the street.

As a matter of fact, householders cannot be com-

MR. CURTIS BENNETT.



When Mr. Shell leaves the Westminster Police Court on January 4, Mr. Curtis Bennett is to take his place. He has been a metropolitan magistrate for nineteen years, sitting for the last ten at Marylebone.—(Elliott and Fry.)

pelled to do this. The authorities must remove the rubbish in any case.

By agreement among themselves all the big West End drapers will start their new year sales on one day, January 2. Ladies in search of bargains will have a choice of 129 drapery sales in the West End. The object is to prevent certain firms selling off before the others are ready.

Electric trains will be running for the public service on the Underground Railway between Baker-street and Uxbridge.

Some trains will run by steam and some by electricity.

According to Mr. Yerkes, the whole of the District Railway should be ready for partial electric service in March.

MANCHESTER POLICE SCANDAL.

The solicitors of Mr. Peacock, the Manchester Chief Constable, have written to Mr. Ross Clyde with reference to his charges of corruption against the police, demanding their retraction and an apology under threat of legal proceedings. It is not expected that Mr. Clyde will recede from his position.

A Clapham chimney-sweep, named John Newland, has been committed for trial for ill-treating his children, whom he is alleged to have beaten with a poker and thrown out of the room.

REVOLTING CRIME.

Old Couple Found Done to Death in Their House.

A strange and shocking tragedy, which will probably prove to be a case of double murder, was brought to light yesterday at York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, of The Crescent, Blossom-street, an aged and respected couple, had not been seen for a few days, and yesterday morning an entrance was effected into their dwelling. There the venerable pair were found in the sitting-room, dead. The heads of both were battered in, the injuries being of a terrible nature, and it was evident that the unfortunate man and woman had been literally beaten to death.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt's, who has been living with them for two years, and had subsisted on the slender resources of his father, has disappeared, and no traces of him can be found.

The friends of the family are at a loss to ascribe any reason for the tragedy, but a medical examination bears out the theory of a double murder.

It is thought the foul deed was committed on Tuesday night.

BARRISTER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Apathetic Demeanour of the Woman Charged with His Murder.

Rebecca Margaret Gregory, who for thirty years has been known as the wife of Alfred Graham Stewart, a barrister, living at Wandsworth Common, was charged at the South-Western Police Court yesterday with his murder.

The same apathy which marked her demeanour at the inquest was noticeable yesterday. She kept her eyes lowered, and scarcely seemed to heed the proceedings at all. Detective Gillow told how he visited the house in Gorst-road. There were signs of a struggle in one of the rooms.

The woman in the dock sat listlessly and scarcely raised her eyes when asked if she wished to question the witness. She hesitated a moment and then shook her head.

After witnesses had repeated the evidence they gave at the inquest the magistrate ordered another remand. The charge on which the accused has already been committed on the coroner's warrant is one of manslaughter.

MOTOR-CAR'S LEAP.

Chauffeur Clears a Street Excavation in His Wild Career.

Sentence of two months' imprisonment was passed by Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster magistrate, yesterday, on William Thomas, a chauffeur, for driving a 14-h.p. motor-car to the danger of the public.

The chauffeur's mad career along Westminster Bridge-road at two o'clock in the morning was described by a constable. The motor-car went so fast that he could not see the number, but at the junction of Lambeth and Westminster Bridge roads it crashed into some trestles and poles surrounding a large excavation. Ten warning red lamps were scattered, while the car, jumping a hole nine feet long, four feet deep, and four feet six inches wide, continued its wild career, minus the greater part of one of the back wheels.

The driver managed to get away, but was subsequently traced. He had, it appeared, taken the motor-car out without the knowledge of the owner.

M.P.'S JEWELLERY STOLEN.

A jewellery robbery at the residence of Mr. Courtney Warner, M.P., in Cadogan-square, Chelsea, is alleged to have been planned by Edward Southwick, who some years ago was in Mr. Warner's service as butler.

Southwick, with three other men, was committed for trial by the Westminster magistrate yesterday. Mr. Warner, saying he had no desire to press the charge, stated that he had regarded Southwick as an honest servant, but misused him for his intimate habits, and therefore could not give him a character. To this Southwick attributed his downfall.

CHILDREN TEETHING TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1-12 per bottle.

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REDUCED TO - 25/- FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidised Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements. ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

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Programme of the King's Visit to the Duke of Devonshire.

REGAL SPLENDOUR.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for the visit on Monday next of the King and Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, which has now become an annual event, carried out with the utmost magnificence.

A truly royal state is kept up throughout the Chatsworth regal week, and no expense or pains is spared to worthily celebrate the occasion and to do the utmost honour to the King and Queen.

It has been estimated that the expenditure at Chatsworth for this one week alone comes to something like £5,000, but it must be taken into consideration that only the best of everything is used, and about 150 people have to be catered for.

Costly Illuminations.

All the best covers on the Duke's vast estates are reserved for the three days with the guns, and a large house-party, composed of their Majesties' special friends, is invited to meet them, while theatrical performances and concerts on a grand scale provide evening entertainment.

The King and Queen with their suite arrive about five o'clock in the afternoon, and will be met at

MISS MILLIE LINDON,



Principal boy in the Queen's Theatre pantomime at Manchester.

Rowley Station by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who will escort them to Chatsworth. The grounds and avenues will be illuminated nightly during the royal visit at the cost of over £2,000.

According to etiquette, their Majesties are met in the hall by the assembled house-party, and they immediately retire to their apartments, where tea is served, the Duchess of Devonshire usually joining the Queen.

Dinner is at a quarter to nine, and a little before that hour an equerry goes to the host and hostess to request them and their guests to join in the King and Queen at dinner. It is an understood thing, whenever the King and Queen stay in a private house, that the house is theirs for the time being.

Etiquette of Dinner.

The Queen is escorted to the drawing-room by the hostess and the King by the host; then dinner is immediately announced.

A band plays outside on the terrace during the meal, after which, unless an entertainment or concert has been arranged, bridge is the pastime for the rest of the evening.

Neither the King nor Queen appear at breakfast. Her Majesty usually invites the hostess and another lady to partake of this meal in her private room.

The shooting-party starts soon after ten, and is joined at luncheon by the Queen and other ladies of the party.

A shooting-lunch at Chatsworth is a most sumptuous affair. Two tents are pitched at the rendezvous. One is for the luncheon, and the other serves as a kitchen, where a recherche hot meal is served. Two of the special dishes are Irish stew, of which the King is particularly fond, and hot cutlets.

Very little shooting takes place after lunch, and when the bag has been spread out and counted the party returns by motor to Chatsworth.

The entertainments usually take place on the second and fourth evening of the royal visit; the third evening being given up to a concert or varied musical entertainment. This year Mlle. Adeline Genée, the famous dancer from the Empire Theatre, will appear before the King. There will also be a variety entertainment, which will take the place of the usual theatricals.

Among those who will be staying at Chatsworth next week are Lord and Lady Gosford and their daughters; Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley; Lady de Grey; Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie; Consuelo Duchess of Manchester; Lord and Lady Cadogan; Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest; Lord Charles Montagu; and many others.

The death was announced yesterday of Mr. W. T. Dewe, a well-known Brighton magistrate, at the age of seventy-eight.

His Majesty's cruiser *Vindictive* successfully completed her preliminary trials in the North Sea yesterday, and began in boisterous weather an eight hours' full-power trial.

Captain Griffith-Boscawen, chairman of the Denbighshire Quarter Sessions, father of Mr. Griffith-Boscawen, M.P., and one of the best-known public men in North Wales, died yesterday.

TRAMPS AND SMALLPOX.

To the tramps who recently have visited the neighbourhood has been traced a serious outbreak of smallpox at Worksop, Nottinghamshire.

From a common lodging-house, frequented by tramps, eleven cases have been notified during the past week, one proving fatal.

NO TIME TO THINK.

"The clergy must read and think more and do less," says the Bishop of Kensington to his clergy in a new year's message.

At present clergy and bishops, he contends, have no time to think, and he adds, "I can imagine nothing more disastrous to the Church than an unthoughtful bishop."

PRICE ON SPARROWS.

Owing to the havoc made by sparrows, the Dalkeith Agricultural Society has formed a club with the object of their extermination.

Collectors have been appointed in various Midlothian districts, and sparrows are to be paid for at the following rates:—Old birds 2d. per dozen, fledglings 1d. per dozen, eggs 1d. per dozen.

INHUMAN FATHER.

Though he had 15s. in the P.O. Savings Bank, James Morris refused to withdraw it to buy his three children food.

Two of his children having died, and the other being in a starved condition, Morris has been sentenced at Birmingham to four months' hard labour.

PEACE FOR THE ATLANTIC.

It is hoped that the New Year may herald peace on the Atlantic, shipping officials, at Liverpool yesterday, having expressed their belief that the final settlement of the Atlantic trade-war is near at hand.

Only one point is now outstanding, the difficulty regarding the Scandinavian trade having been already settled.

IS FLOGGING A DETERRENT?

Fifteen years ago John Barry was sentenced for stealing to six months' hard labour and forty lashes with the "cat."

Now he has been charged at Bradford with a similar offence, and committed for six weeks' hard labour.

"The cat does not appear to have cured you," said the magistrate in passing sentence.

L.C.C. TRAMWAY RECEIPTS.

That the L.C.C. tramways are increasing in popularity and usefulness is proved by the official returns issued yesterday.

For the week ending December 17 the traffic receipts amounted to £11,085, an increase of £200 over the sum for the corresponding week of last year; while the total receipts from April 1 to December 17 were £463,883, as against £378,074 for the same period in 1903.

DUE TO THE DARKNESS.

Troubled with a cough, Charles Hunt, of Newport, got out of bed in the darkness of the early morning to apply the remedies which he had at hand.

Unfortunately, however, mistaking the bottles, he rubbed his chest with the cough mixture, and drank the liniment.

Violent internal pains showed him his error, and a doctor being sent for, an antidote was administered, with the result that Hunt was yesterday said to be progressing favourably.

MOTORING QUALIFICATIONS.

"Although I can hardly call myself a motorist in the strictest sense," wrote a gentleman applying for membership to the East Lancashire Automobile Club, "I can claim to have run my car up the roadside bank to the top of the hedge, and then capsize gracefully into the middle of the road, with the engine still running, and your humble servant stuck fast with the steering wheel in his waistcoat."

These qualifications proving satisfactory, the gentleman has been enrolled.

INDUSTRY A DEFECT.

Applying to the Newcastle police magistrate for a summons for desertion against her husband, Mrs. Carr stated that he was a teetotaler, and that he took into the house from the gutter starving boys, whom he thought more of than he did of her.

"Have you anything else against him?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," Mrs. Carr promptly replied, "he is always working."

You should admire your husband for that," said the magistrate, and dismissed the case.

Over 1,000 copies of pirated music have been confiscated at Birmingham since Christmas Day.

From burns received at a fire in Appleford-road, Kensington, Ethel Roland, a child of ten, has died at St. Mary's Hospital.

The Rev. Francis Vincent Reade, grand-nephew of Charles Reade, novelist, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

BRITISH MACHINERY FOR JAPAN.

For the complete equipment of an electric tramway in Japan 250 tons of machinery has just been shipped by a Sheffield firm.

When finished, the system will cover over sixty miles of line and operate some 250 cars.

ALL SMOKED PIPES!

According to a correspondent, a tramcar passed along Liverpool-road, N., yesterday morning which was crowded on the top with men.

All were smoking, and all smoked pipes, not a single cigarette being in anybody's mouth.

LAST OF A VALIANT BAND.

John William Smith, believed to be the last survivor of the Franklin Relief Expedition, has died at Portsmouth.

After joining the Navy in 1849, Smith served with the Baltic Fleet, in the old three-decker *Duke of Wellington*—recently broken up on the Thames—against the Russians.

BRIGHTON LINE ELECTRIFICATION.

Early in the new year, the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway propose to make an experiment in electric traction on a five-mile section of the line between Battersea Park and Peckham Rye.

The system will be that of an overhead conductor instead of the "third rail."

PROFIT OF 14d. PER BICYCLE.

Owing to the keen competition between rival manufacturers, profits in the cycle trade have been greatly diminished.

Presiding at the annual meeting of Components, Limited, in Birmingham, Mr. Fred Warwick announced that putting gains and losses together, the net profit only amounted to 14d. on each machine.

HOW DID IT GET THERE?

While making a post-mortem examination on the carcass of a cow which was supposed to have died of anthrax a veterinary surgeon, of Aberdeen, has discovered that the cause of death was a fish-hook found in the animal's heart.

It is supposed that the cow, which had not suffered from anthrax at all, swallowed the hook while grazing by a burn-side.

MR. BENNETT SUCCEEDS MR. SHEIL.

After January 4, when Mr. Sheil's resignation takes effect, Mr. Curtis Bennett, it was yesterday announced, will be the magistrate at Westminster.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, who is one of the best-known metropolitan magistrates, has filled that office for nineteen years, nine of which have been spent at the West London Police Court and the last ten at Marylebone, which he is now leaving.

IRISH PROSPERITY.

Statistics just published show that this year's bankruptcies for England and Wales total £355, an increase of 236 over last year, while in deeds of arrangement the increase is as much as 482.

In Scotland also there has been a heavy increase of deeds of arrangement, but in Ireland there is a positive decrease of 74, which, having regard to the much larger figures in 1902 and 1903, may be taken as a sign of suddenly acquired prosperity.

TWO MATLOCKS DESIRE UNION.

At Matlock an agitation is in progress for the amalgamation of the two urban district council areas—Matlock and Matlock Bath.

In favour of the scheme it is urged that various proposed works would be more effective and economical if carried out jointly.

By the union of the two districts, £10,000 could be saved in the removal of the gasworks at Matlock Bath.

BYRON'S LAST ROAD.

Application has been made to the Local Government Board by the Nottingham City Council for sanction to borrow £9,000 for extending a road. This road, it appears, was the route by which Lord Byron's body was conveyed for interment at Hucknall Torkard, in 1824.

At the time the road was merely a sand track, and since then it has never been made up.

INSANITY NOT BODILY SICKNESS.

Friendly societies will note with interest the decision on a curious legal point arrived at by the Sheriff's Court at Paisley.

The representative of a lunatic having brought an action against a local friendly society for aliment, the society repudiated the claim on the ground that the man was not suffering from bodily sickness.

In this contention the society was supported by the court, which found that disease of the brain or insanity do not necessarily indicate any physical ailment.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

THE WANDSWORTH TRAGEDY.

For thirty years Miss Rebecca Margaret Gregory passed as the wife of the barrister, Mr. A. G. Stewart, who was fatally stabbed at Gorst-road, Wandsworth Common. Only when she was examined at the coroner's court was the fact elicited that she was a single woman. After the wound was inflicted, Miss Gregory herself went for the doctor who attended Mr. Stewart, admitting to him, it appears, that she had stabbed "her husband," and the dying man corroborated her self-accusation, adding that he did not believe she intended to injure him. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Manslaughter.

YARMOUTH HERRINGS.

The herring season at Yarmouth comes to an end to-day. It opened about the middle of August, and since that time the inconceivable number of 535,378,000 herrings have been landed from the 700 boats engaged in the fishery. The Yarmouth herring enjoys a more than European reputation, and thousands of barrels of the fish are exported to various parts of the Continent, and even as far eastward as Syria. The extent of this export trade will be partially realised by a glance at the illustration on page 8, which shows a few consignments ready for shipment abroad.

CAMPING AT CHRISTMAS.

Undeterred by fog and damp, a party of nine members of the Association of Cycle Campers, including four ladies, camped for the Christmas holidays in an orchard at Ley Hill, near Chesham. Tents were quickly erected, and with the aid of thirty or forty Japanese lanterns and two glowing braziers the campers soon made their surroundings cheerful. On Christmas Day, which was bright and sunny, they cooked a famous dinner (and were "snapped" in the act of doing so—see page 9), the menu being as follows:—Ox-tail soup, roast turkey, York ham, bread sauce, Cambridge sausages, Brussels sprouts, boiled potatoes, Christmas pudding, cherry sauce, mince pies, Devonshire cream, cheese, celery, coffee.

CHUNG LING SOO.

The magician of the Hippodrome refuses to accept the sporting challenge of his rival at the Empire to a competition of skill, the loser to forfeit £1,000. He prefers to rest upon his laurels, and expresses an opinion that the competition suggested would be beneath his dignity. So for the moment Chung Ling Foo is left in possession of the field of contention; but further developments of a most amusing warfare are probable.

A MANCHURIAN NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

The newspaper man has in general a peculiar facility for suiting himself to his surroundings, which in the war correspondent in particular is developed to an abnormal extent. Wherever anything is going on he is to be found, and he generally contrives to make himself comfortable. The picture of Mr. F. A. McKenzie's neat-looking quarters in war-ridden Manchuria illustrated on page 2 reminds us of an American editor's boast of the ubiquity and coolness of his news-getters, which concluded as follows:—"When the earth, with all that is in it, is at last consumed in fervent heat, the 'Journal's' reporters, clothed in appropriate asbestos, will be found there collecting fullest details."

JAPANESE PRIESTS WITH THE TROOPS.

The Japanese religion is a curious one, being practically a compound of Shintoism, a very primitive worship of a number of nature spirits, and the more familiar Buddhism, which was introduced into the island empire by missionaries from the mainland several hundred years ago. Though the resulting creed is one difficult to understand by the Western mind, the Japanese are in their own way very devout, and the priests, such as those photographed on page 9, who accompany the troops, are held in high respect.

PENGUIN GOES SHOPPING.

Fearful and Wonderful Pets of Smart Women in America.

Fast as the taste for weird pets is growing among smart women in England, the fair American still bears the palm for eccentricity in this respect.

Miss Rosamond Dixey, of Boston, has a little pig which she takes out with her in a motor-car.

A Fifth Avenue lady goes shopping followed by a tame penguin, which waddles solemnly along carrying her handbag in his bill, and answers to the name of Harold.

The late Mrs. Timothy Woodruff, of New York, had a pet bear, of which she was very fond, and Miss MacHall, of Atlantic City, never goes anywhere without her lions, which perform many amusing tricks in the drawing-rooms of her friends. A Californian belle, Miss Lilian Sanderson, is always photographed with her pet horned toads, enormous lizards, and other charming reptiles.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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 Suits all climates. Very beneficial for Turkeys, Geese, Ducks; and
 all fowling birds.

SUPERIOR TO FOOD DOUBLE THE PRICE.
 Sold by all Corn-dealers and
 THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD., 35, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

THE URGENT NEED OF THE HOUR.

TO-DAY the year 1904 ends its course, leaving behind it as its principal legacy to 1905 more misery and distress among the day labouring class than have ever been known in this country before.

From all sides resounds the same pitiful cry "come over and help us." Very little improvement can be looked for yet awhile. Even when the winter months are over there will still be a large number of men out of work. Even when there comes that revival of trade which we are all hoping may be among the New Year's gifts, it is too much to hope that ordinary conditions of employment will absorb the whole of the labour available.

It is not to be supposed, therefore, that mere "relief" in the shape of soup-tickets and doles of food can have more than a transitory effect. What we must do is to refuse to be content with "ordinary conditions" and find extra-ordinary employments for those whose complaint is that "no man will hire them." At the same time, it would be very wrong to conclude that because "relief" will not effect a permanent cure there is no need to offer it.

That, we are afraid, is the view which the Mansion House Fund Committee have taken. No fault can be found with them for making plans to deal with the distress by finding work for successive batches of men at future dates. But, while they do this, they ought also to have recollected that hunger and cold cannot be charmed away by plans for the future. They ought to have set aside a certain proportion of the money subscribed for instant expenditure upon food, clothing, and coal.

Here was the situation. Twenty thousand families were estimated to be destitute in London in the second week of December. An appeal was made in their behalf, and the public poured in money with a liberal hand. Up to now £36,000 have been received. What have the Committee done with it? They have spent perhaps £1,000, and provided work for 100 men. The other 19,900 families are still just as badly off as they were when their wretchedness moved the public to open its purse-strings.

That is the view of the matter which most people take. The Committee may not like our criticism, but we can assure them their stewardship has provoked deep dissatisfaction. It is not too late for them to alter their policy. Let them at once, to-day, decide to allot a certain sum to various relieving agencies, so that the poor creatures who are in such cruel need may reap without any further delay some benefit from the money subscribed to lighten their bitter lot.

To look ahead is wise. But that should not blind us to present necessities. The Committee have laid themselves open to the rebuke: "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY.

Yes, the year is growing old,
 And his eye is pale and bleared;
 Death with frosty hand and cold
 Pluck the old man by the beard.
 —Longfellow.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
 —Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the corner. Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing.
 —Shakespeare, "Troilus and Cressida."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY, the last day of the year, is the birthday of President Loubet, and he will be receiving innumerable congratulations and a heap of visiting cards. To-morrow, New Year's Day, he will receive still more cards, for it is one of the most binding of French customs to send one's visiting cards to all one's acquaintances on January 1. Of late years the custom has grown to enormous proportions. Last year M. Loubet suppressed the business which were placed at the Elysée, in which anyone could, and thousands did, leave cards on the President and his officials.

Many other people, who found the custom a nuisance, followed his lead, and announced that they intended to give it up. This was a serious blow to the trade of the lithographers, and a special deputation recently waited on M. Loubet

to beseech him to have pity on them. M. Loubet, of course, gave way, and to-morrow the buckets will be in their place again, and the lithographers, after widely circulating the fact, are hoping that the custom may not only continue, but grow, if possible, still more widespread.

Two days ago our club correspondent, writing from the Carlton Club, spoke of the probability of a general election, through the introduction of a dissolution Budget. To-day, he writes me that the talk has veered round again, and gossips are busily concerned with the possibility of the Government being defeated on the Address, while politicians are excited at the possibility of having to fight a general election in February. The real point of interest lies in the extraordinary unanimity of belief as to the shortness of life of the next Parliament.

Miss Isabel Jay has always been a great favourite with royal audiences, and on Monday she is to sing before the King and Queen at Chatsworth. It was only by the merest chance that she took to the stage at all. As a child her talents seemed to be equally divided between painting and singing, and it was at first decided that she should take up painting. Luckily a well-known professional singer persuaded her parents to have her trained for the concert platform. While she was still only a student, however, she accepted the position of prima donna at the Savoy Theatre, and delighted London as the heroine of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

It was in "Iolanthe" that she made one of her greatest hits. "Iolanthe" grew from the lines

"Once a fairy,
 Light and airy,
 Married with a mortal,"

and Miss Isabel has taken the cue. To-day she is Mrs. Henry Cavendish, and the "mortal" is well known as an explorer and the hero of the famous "spooks" law case, which filled the columns of the Press not long ago. Mr. Cavendish, for a young man, and he is quite a young man still, has managed to pack quite a lot into his life. He has explored in Africa and America, and even hunted for the Great Sloth, or some such beast, in Central Patagonia. In the Boer war he served with the South African Light Horse, and was wounded at some place with an unpronounceable Dutch name.

Lord Breadalbane, whom the "Daily Chronicle" yesterday credited with having received the Order of the Seraphim from King Oscar of Sweden, although he has had that distinction for years, is a nobleman with democratic notions and a free-and-easy manner. Visitors are always allowed, under the guidance of a non-servant, to inspect the family mansion in Perthshire. Lord Breadalbane, whose dress is not of the kind to show his rank, has often acted as guide without being recognised.

If he has ever received a tip for his services he has never admitted the fact, but he has certainly been the hero of many small incidents which would have disconcerted his visitors had they known. As one tourist was making his way out of the ground he heard a loud whistle and turned to see a burly and elderly man running after him and shouting, "Hey, man! You've left your umbrella." It was the marquis, the second among the Scottish chiefs, and owner of an estate on which he can ride for 100 miles in a straight line.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane are seldom seen in London, for both have a very small opinion of Society, with a capital S. One of the greatest institutions at Taymouth Castle is the dairy which rivals Queen Alexandra's; and one of the treasures it is a white china churn with a silver handle, which was used by Queen Victoria when she paid a visit there.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 31.—The last day of the old year has come.

Looking back, the gardener has much to be grateful for. No untimely frosts ruined the blossom on the fruit trees; summer-had its full measure of sunshine, relieved by refreshing rains; roses flourished.

Imperceptibly we glided into a wonderful autumn; in October our gardens were still "things of beauty."

To-day we must count over mistakes made during the year, resolving to rectify them, if possible, in the future.

Gardening is not a game of chance, but a game of skill, taught us by that strict master—Experience. E. F. T.

FACTS & FIGURES

FOR THE NEW YEAR,

DEALING WITH

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 and Questions of the Day,
 are to be found in the

1905

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YEAR BOOK,

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BUY A COPY TO-DAY.

WHAT DOES THE CHILD THINK OF IT ALL?



The modern pantomime is so largely an affair of music-hall knockabout fun with topical allusions combined with coarse jests about flirting, drinking, and so on, that children sit watching it with puzzled faces, wondering what on earth it is all about.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Signor Marconi.

THE world as a whole accepted him at once, but he has had a hard fight with the official portion of it. At last he has won the recognition of the Postmaster-General, and from to-morrow onwards the British public may send Marconigrams to their friends on board ship, just as they would send an ordinary telegram to the man in the next street.

That is a good deal to have done before one is thirty.

Any day, walking down the Strand or in the City, you may meet a little man in a large ulster, a bowler hat on his head, and with a young, but serious, thin face. You would never guess that it was the great inventor of wireless telegraphy. He looks just like anyone else.

There is nothing eccentric about him. His clothes are quite ordinary and severely simple.

It is not till he takes his hat off or begins to talk that he is any different to other men. Directly his hat comes off you see that he is a man apart. The shape of his head marks him out at once as no ordinary man. Only a man of extraordinary brain power has a head of that shape—high and domed above the ears and eyebrows, wide and bulging just behind the ears. Behind, it is almost straight—the head of a man who has no passions but his work.

His voice is almost as peculiar as the shape of his head. It is a low, soft, rich voice, with that caressing quality so disconcertingly heard in him. He speaks, too, with a slow, deliberate gravity which is strongly at variance with his nervous, restless manner.

He is lucky in that he has never had to starve for his invention, as he has always had enough money, and now that he is world-famous and rich he has few hobbies or pronounced tastes.

What few he has are chiefly hard work, music, and the dodging of interviewers.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

"He says I'm the worst liar he ever saw. That's libellous."

"Yes, indeed. Why, everybody admits you're a pretty good liar."—Philadelphia Press.

Employer (to new office boy): Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon?

Office Boy: Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming.—"Gil Blas" (French).

"Have you never asked anyone to marry you?"

"Never."

"Why? 'Fraid they'd say no?"

"Nope, 'fraid they'd say yes."—Houston Post.

"Cheekleigh has developed a bad case of motor-nerve."

"Motor-car nerve?"

"Yes; he has the nerve to borrow mine about every other day."—Chicago News.

"I got my husband to admit that he was a fool to-day."

"How did you manage it?"

"I showed him some of the letters he wrote me during our courtship."—Gorbarbier (German).

Teacher: Tommy, how would you punctuate this sentence: "Willie, while going down the street, dropped a piece of pie, and—"

Tommy (quickly): I'd make a dash after the pie.—Baltimore Herald.

The laundryman examined the collars.

"That's the fifth time he's sent this batch here," he said. "How long does he think a collar ought to last, anyway?"

Whereupon he proceeded to mangle them.—Chicago Tribune.

SICK CHILDREN AT PLAY.



Our roving photographer took this picture at the famous Great Ormond-street Hospital when the little invalids were enjoying their Christmastide festival. At the extreme right of the picture a glimpse can be obtained of Mr. E. H. Cooper, whose criticism of the Drury Lane pantomime has been arousing so much interest.

THE RETURN OF THE SUN.



Yesterday, after a long spell of gloom and fog, London had a fair glimpse of King Sol. Not, however, that the metropolis has been the only sufferer—the sunshine by which the above photograph was taken was the first that Hastings had enjoyed for many days.

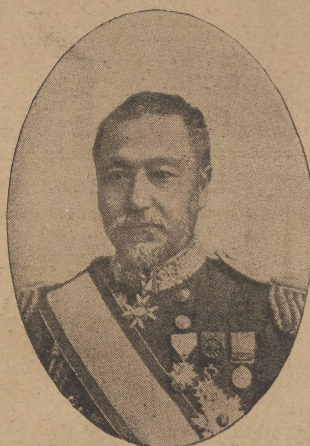
THE NEW YEAR IN PARIS.



The New Year is the great present-giving time in Paris, and according to custom numberless stalls are set up on the boulevards to cater for purchasers of toys and other gifts. Above is a photograph of a typical toy-seller and his stall.



THE MEN OF THE MOMENT



Admiral Togo, the vanquisher of the powerful Russian Far Eastern fleet.



Admiral Togo's Staff on board the flagship and will share in the

YESTERDAY'S GALE.



During the gale of yesterday half the roof of the National School, Dickson-street, Limehouse, was blown off, carrying with it a large portion of the heavy coping. The result below may be seen in the picture. Fortunately the school was closed for the Christmas holidays.

A VETERAN SOLDIER.



Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., whose latest portrait, taken only a few days ago, we give above, is to retire from active service to-day. (Russell.)

FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-



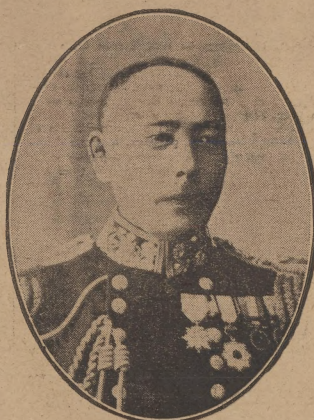
Upwards of 535 million herrings were landed by the closes to-day. Seven hundred vessels are engaged in quantities of the fish are sent abroad. Our photograph shows the herring shipment. (Vaughan.)

PIERAGRAPHS.

TOKIO: JAPAN'S NAVAL HEROES.



Officers accompany their Admirals to Tokio, prepared for them.



Admiral Kamimura, who destroyed the fighting power of the Vladivostok squadron.

CHALLENGED MAGICIAN



Soo, now at the Hippodrome, challenged by Ching Ling Foo, of the Empire.

FUNERALS IN THE FIELD.



Japanese priests who accompany the troops for the purpose of holding services over the dead.

MILLION HERRINGS.



Fishing fleet during the season, which is apart from the home demand record consignment ready for

THE YOUNGEST DU MAURIER.



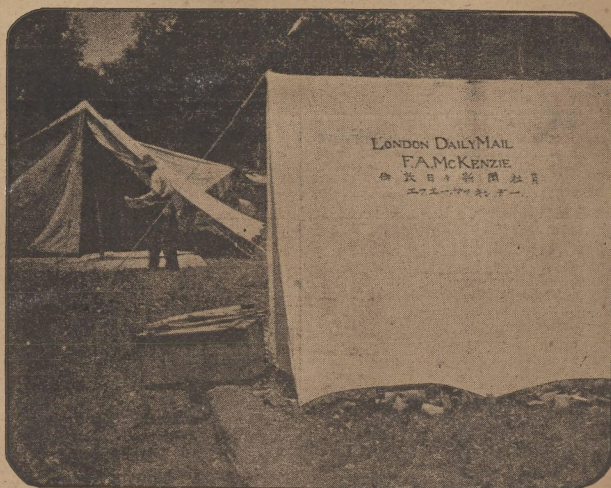
Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, better known as Miss Muriel Beaumont, a clever actress, with her baby, grandson of the celebrated artist and author of "Trilby," etc.—(Ellis and Walery.)

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.



Nine of the members of the Association of Cycle Campers spent their Christmas holidays encamped at Ley Hill, near Chesham. They are seen in the photograph cooking what turned out to be a first-class Christmas dinner.

THE "DAILY MAIL" OFFICE IN MANCHURIA.



The camp of Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the well-known war correspondent, who was with the Japanese forces under Marshal Oyama.

LEFT TO DIE.



Despite the efforts of the Red Cross officials and their men, a number of wounded soldiers who crawl into the bush cannot be found, and die untended. Such a sight as that photographed is no uncommon thing for the war correspondent in Manchuria to come upon.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

By JESSIE POPE.

We were staying with Aunt Maria in the country, Dolly and I. Auntie was in bed with dyspepsia or something, and it was New Year's Eve. We had eaten all the chocolates in the house and most of the preserved fruits in the dessert cupboard, which had been left unlocked by mistake. It was too warm for skating, but cold enough for chilblains, and we were both simply too dull for words.

"And to think," groaned Dolly, who was sitting on the hearth, staring dejectedly at the fire, "that Leap-year ends to-night, and I haven't won my hockey-stick."

"What hockey-stick?" I inquired with dismay.

"Why, don't you remember Uncle Bob promised us a new half-guinea hockey-stick, if we'd each propose to someone before the end of the year?"

"I wonder if he'd give us the half-guinea instead; I want one of those rolled-gold medalion lockets, frightfully. Gwen's got one, and she says it's the photo of her young man inside, but I'm perfectly certain it's George Alexander, and she cut him out of a magazine. I shall put H. B. Irving in mine, on one side, and C. B. Fry the other, and tell her I've got two."

"I'd rather have the hockey-stick," said Dolly.

"But what's the use of talking, Leap-year will be over to-morrow."

"For two pias I'd go and propose to the gardener," I cried in despair.

"He's a married man," said Dolly, sadly.

"Very well, then," I replied. "There's no other man within five miles of us, so I vote we go and make some toffee in the kitchen."

We sprang to our feet surprised with the excellence of the idea, when the gate clicked and the Rev. Mortimer Tomlinson, our High Church curate, walked up the path to the front door.

Mr. Tomlinson was tall, intelligent, and rather good-looking, but he had the reputation of being extraordinarily shy. Out of the pulpit he couldn't say "bo" to a goose, so we thought. He had come to inquire after Auntie—we heard him being

ushered into the drawing-room. Our eyes met and we gazed breathlessly. Dolly seized me by the shoulder.

"Let's go and propose to Mr. Tomlinson!" she ejaculated.

"We aren't!" I gasped, quailing before her.

"Daren't!" cried Dolly, sticking out her big, resolute chin. "I dare and I will—if you will, I'll have my hockey-stick."

"I should break down—I know I should," I faltered.

"Look here," exclaimed Dolly in a deep, earnest voice. "We've been through a good deal together, and you've never failed me yet. You had plenty of pluck at school. Have you lost it all?"

Dolly always rubs me the right way.

"Of course, I'd like to most awfully," I remarked, "but you know how shy he is. I believe he'd die of shock."

"Not he!" cried Dolly. "Do him good. Let's try to see who's to go first."

We tossed, with the usual result—the penny went wrong, knocked over an ornament, and fell into the fire.

"No go," said Dolly; "but anyhow I had my tooth out first last time. So it's your turn now."

Then she went down the passage, opened the drawing-room door, and pushed me in.

Mr. Tomlinson was sitting by the fire, glancing through the pages of Auntie's favourite magazine. The High Church collar looked so frightfully glossy that my courage sank. Before I had pulled myself together he had inquired after Auntie, and had risen from his chair to take his hat.

The vision of Dolly's resolute chin flashed across me.

"Don't go!" I blurted out, in sudden despair. He started and looked at me.

"I'm afraid I must," he said. "I'm due at the vicarage now—"

"But you mustn't go yet!" I cried. "I want to speak to you."

He sat down again on a corner of his chair looking very much disconcerted.

At our Christmas theatricals I prompted the hero all through the part where he proposed to me, so I was not at a loss for actual words. Starting

of the children were ragged and shoeless. Evan gave himself and induced some of his friends to help. Presently the minister of the chapel was willing to include the mine children in the ordinary Sunday school. It was the first triumph for the young enthusiast.

The mine work continued, but ever before this boy, now growing into young manhood, was the one object. He would be a preacher. His ambition was boundless, and to further it he spent his life. The religion of the home was his, that deep, abiding reverence and fear of God which is frequently met with in cottage homes of the Welsh miners. But as yet that mysterious awakening, that strange call to the service of God, had not come.

He and his brother Dan played and sang together on the organ in the trim little house overlooking the bleak Llannagann hills. On Sunday evenings the family gathered together in those reverent, informal home services.

"Never were there such beautiful services of praise and prayer before," declared one who has spent many evenings in this way with Mrs. Roberts and her family; "all of them joined in the hymns heart and soul. It was more than the ordinary home singing and praying. The very spirit and life of religion was in those homely gatherings."

READING BY HIS DAVY LAMP.

The Bible was almost the entire study of Evan Roberts in these days. He was never seen without a Testament near him. It was a familiar sight in the Mountain Colliery to see Evan Roberts going down in the cage with his Bible in his hand. During the intervals of work he studied by the light of his Davy lamp. He was just preparing for the future, and there was no attempt at preaching or anything but study at this time.

"I will be a preacher," he said definitely, and was willing to work and wait for the appointed time. The money he earned—some 30s. or 42s a week—after he had contributed his share towards the home he saved or expended on books. It was a strange life. For eight hours out of the twenty-four he was a miner, giving all his physical energies to the work; for the remaining sixteen he was an earnest young student, slowly climbing into the heights of religious thought. So the boy grew almost to manhood before the sudden and seemingly miraculous awakening to the knowledge of his mission in life took place.

(To be continued.)

£5,000,000 IN CAB FARES.

It has been reckoned that five millions sterling is spent every year in London on cab fares—that is, an average of 31p per head for the population.

As there are in all some 13,990 cabs, it follows that each earns between £200 and £400 a year. Of that sum the average driver gets perhaps £150. And there are some cabsmen who earn far more.

And, of course, a good many have their own cabs.

hard at Mr. Tomlinson's round hat, which he was twisting round and round in his hands, I began to repeat in a hurried, anxious voice a series of sentences referring to "ardent devotion—years of unsatisfied yearning—unworthy of the honour of your hand"—and finished up with the breathless remark, "and I entreat on my knees that you will give me one tiny fluttering hope that I may one day claim you as my blushing bride—I mean bridegroom."

At first the curate stiffened, his expression grew hard. Then he looked at me with a funny expression round the corners of his mouth, and gradually, with his glance still on my burning cheeks, his face seemed to change somehow. As I concluded my appeal in the latest possible manner, he rose to his feet, and, without a moment's hesitation, he took me in his arms.

"Why, my dear little girl—of course, I will!" he said, and planted a hearty kiss on my cheek.

How I got out of that room goodness only knows. I only remember flying upstairs three at a time, and burying my shocked and startled face in my pillow. Then I heard the rustle of Dolly's skirts down the passage, and the drawing-room door close. I was so completely overwhelmed by what had happened that time and space ceased to exist for me till I heard the front door slam. A moment later and Dolly flung into my room.

"He's accepted me!" she gasped.

"So he did me," I moaned.

"But he kissed me," she almost shrieked.

"So he did me," I gurgled.

At that we fell into each other's arms and cried till we laughed. It was only when the maid knocked at the door and told us Auntie was coming down to tea that we realised there might be consequences.

That night Mr. Tomlinson received an anonymous note, which ran:—

"We were only in fun this afternoon. Please forget everything, and don't tell Auntie."

Next morning we had his reply, also anonymous:—

"I quite understand—and though we will be wiser in future, no one else shall be."

"He's a brick!" cried Dolly.

I agreed with her. Then she added, after a long pause, "He's a dear."

"I've made up my mind to have the hockey-stick, after all," I said, indifferent to her enthusiasm.

"Very well—then I shall have the medalion locket."

"Shall you?" I said astonished. "Why, who shall you put in it?"

"Mr. Tomlinson—of course," said Dolly.

A FINE CHARACTER.

Someone Who Loved His Art and His Mother, and Thought Little About Money.

There was never a professional man who thought more of his profession and less of himself than the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Edward Dickey, in the January "Fortnightly," shows, as an intimate friend of his, how absolutely free he was from every kind of meanness, jealousy, or spite.

In the first place, he never gave more thought than he could help to dreary money-matters, which dry up the inspiration of the artist and turn him into a machine. Mr. Dickey was with him once when he received the news that he had lost a large sum of money which had been invested in a firm conducted by a personal friend of his. The only complaint Sullivan made was that the news should have reached him on the very day when he had to conduct a new opera at the Savoy. About the friend he only said that he was sorry for him.

A DEVOTED SON.

Then again his generosity of nature was seen in his attitude at cards. He was a keen card-player, but he played solely for recreation, not after the modern bridge habit, for business. He liked to win at cards, but it made him uneasy to think that he was "winning more than his adversaries could afford to lose." So he refused to play on if the luck were too much in his favour.

His affectionate nature, which thus refrained from the possibility of giving pain even to casual acquaintances, came out very tenderly in his relations with his mother. He not only provided liberally for her wants, but he gave up much time to her. Sunday after Sunday, in the height of the London season, he would drive down to Fulham to play cribbage with her, nor did he ever lose an opportunity of showing her the love and gratitude of a devoted son.

NO "BLUE BEARD" THIS YEAR.

If you search the lists of London and provincial pantomimes this year you will find that not a single performance is being given of "Blue Beard." Why is this?

Simply because actors and managers hold, and have always held, that the story of the wife-slaying ogre is unlucky. They always suspected it, and played it, in consequence, as little as possible.

Last year their suspicions were confirmed. "Blue Beard" was being performed at the Trianon Theatre, Chicago, when it was burnt down. If it had been any other story the fire might not have come.

That is why no manager has tempted fate with "Blue Beard" this year.



TO H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR

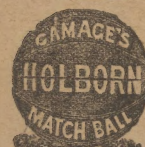
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"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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The "School" Ball, 3/3.
The "General" Ball, 4/3.

For others, see list. Postage 4d. on footballs.

Football Shirts, from 1/11. Striped, 2/1.

Knickerbockers, 1/4.

Jerseys, 2/4.

Socks, 5/11.

The World-famed "Gamage's Kick" boots, from 1/10.

Shin Guards, from 9/6.

Sundries: Leather Ear Guards, 1/10.

Caps, 2/6, postage 2d.; football Goals, per set from 12/6, carriage extra; Boundary Sticks with Flags, per doz. 12/6, carriage extra; Football Flags (any colour), per doz. 4/6 and 6/6, postage 4d.; Brass Indicators, from 1/10, postage 4d. and 6d.; Strong Web Football Bibles, with double straps and buckles, 4/10. Write for post free Games List (A).

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A GLANCE BACK OVER 1904.

Past Year Not Marked by Any Great
Events at Home.

KING EDWARD'S ACTIVITY.

In whatever light the dying year is viewed, there is no escape from the overshadowing importance of the war in the Far East. East and West have met; the struggle has been carried on with relentless vigour, and with unprecedented slaughter.

Operations at sea began early in February. Since that date the Japanese success has been unbroken. At sea the Russian fleets have been wiped out. On land, Port Arthur is closely invested and must soon fall, while in the north the Russian armies have been driven back beyond the Shaho on their base at Mukden.

The Baltic Fleet has sailed with alarms and excursions for the Far East, firing by the way on the Hull fishing fleet off the Dogger Bank, an incident which the International Commission of Inquiry is now sitting in Paris to investigate.

At home, Russia has not been more happy than in the war. The Tsar's policy of repression has been continued in spite of the assassination of its chief instrument, M. de Plehve, and the year ends upon a note of interrogation, and amid dark and stormy clouds.

Great Britain has, as usual, been engaged during 1904 in one or two small wars. In Somaliland we have been unsuccessful. The Mullah is now to be left to his own devices. In Tibet we achieved our object.

BUSY YEAR FOR ROYALTY.

King Edward's great activity during the year is a welcome sign of his Majesty's good health. His programme has indeed been full: He has paid visits to Copenhagen, Kiel, Hamburg, and Marienbad, and his public acts at home include visits to Ireland and Scotland and to several of his subjects, the laying of the foundation stones of Liverpool Cathedral and the new wing of "Bart's," the opening of the new Swansea dock and of the Birmingham waterworks at Rhayader, and numerous other acts, which show how lively an interest his Majesty takes in the well-being of his people. Among his Majesty's guests have been the King and Queen of Portugal and the Archduke Frederick of Austria.

The subject of fiscal policy really remains very much as it was twelve months ago.

Trade returns show a slight improvement, though times are still very bad and money exceedingly scarce.

A terrible condition of distress prevails in many districts throughout the kingdom, and especially in London, owing to the large number of the unemployed.

Army Reform has been a great deal talked about, even though little has been done. The British Fleet has also been reorganised, and the

names of the various squadrons altered. Obsolete ships are to be withdrawn, and various other changes made which are in the nature of evolutionary progress.

Domestic legislation has not been prolific. The Licensing Act gives compensation to owners of public-houses which are abolished because they are not required. The Shop Hours Act establishes "local option" in early closing. The Aliens Bill had to be dropped until next session owing to the obstruction of the Liberals, headed by Mr. Churchill.

The law has, as usual, provided many sensations, especially in the Beck case. Other notable trials were those of Mr. Whitaker Wright, who committed suicide after sentence had been passed upon him, and of Mr. Hooley and of Mr. Lawson. Incidentally the Maybrick case was brought into re-

SIR EDMUND MONSON,



who retires to-day from the British
Embassy in Paris.

newed prominence by the release of Mrs. Maybrick, after serving fifteen years of the life sentence passed on her in 1889.

The obituary list for the year is a long one, and includes two veterans, who had both, in their own ways, served the State well—the Duke of Cambridge and Sir William Harcourt. Literature especially has been a heavy loser—Sir Leslie Stephen, Sir Edwin Arnold, Canon Ainger, Maurus Jokai, and Dr. Samuel Smiles have all passed away. In other walks of life gaps are caused by the deaths of Sir H. M. Stanley, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. Charles Furse, Verestchagin, Sir Henry Thompson, Professor Pincus, Sir John Simon, Dean Hole, Mr. Kruger, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Nellie Farren, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and Mr. Dan Leno. Royal Commissions are inquiring into Ritualism in the

Church of England, and into the questions raised by the House of Lords decision with regard to the Scottish Church.

Dramatic production during the year has been plentiful, but not of much value. Whether it be due to an increased critical faculty or to decreased literary ability, the fact remains that short runs have been only too common.

The novels which attracted most attention were Mr. Hitchens's "Garden of Allah" and Mrs. Thurston's "John Chilcote, M.P." Few of the professedly serious books published have any chance of a long life.

No great movement has shattered the foundations of society. It is still a moot question whether trousers are to be worn in evening dress. Greek still holds its place in the education of the youth; men still marry in spite of the handicap of marriage; and the fog still stays lengthy visits to the metropolises.

Such is the brief record of 1904.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

DRINKING AT OXFORD.

"Oriol" says that at Oxford twenty years ago it used to be a disgrace to get drunk; and that the "standard of public decency has been lowered."

I humbly venture to think that he is mistaken. I was at Oxford fifty years ago, and can safely say that it was not even then considered a disgrace to get drunk.

I cannot help thinking that, on the whole, the standard of public decency has improved.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

IS SINGLE LIFE A SUCCESS?

We often hear our friends discussing the old question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Few people have ever considered whether single life is a success.

I cannot say I have found it so, though I kept single on purpose, because I saw so many marriages turn out badly.

I believe single people are, on the whole, just as unhappy as if they were married. I wish now I had given marriage a trial.

Cheshunt, Essex. A WOMAN OF FORTY.

THE BIBLE UP-TO-DATE.

Thank you for the leading article in which you ridicule the silly attempt being made to bring the Bible up to date.

I thought that the revisers of the 'eighties had made themselves ridiculous enough, with their bogus accuracy, and halting style!

The truth is that the Bible must be read either in the incomprehensible English version, or in the original Hebrew and Greek. There is no half-way house. Oxford. EDWARD VENABLES.

With regard to the new Bible revision, I like your admiration for the old version, but do not agree with your remarks on the revision of 1881.

I have received help from the R.V. of '81, and think that other revisions are helpful as commentaries.

S. J. JEEKS.

79, Brayards-road, S.E.

violent conclusion, and that at the time, and subsequently, his cunningly cloaked conduct has been that of a guilty and not of an innocent man.

"The prisoner at the bar, on the other hand, brings forward, not a denial of motive, not a denial of the circumstances immediately preceding the occurrence—simply a denial that he committed the act."

There was not much in these words; there was great meaning in the stress with which they were uttered. Every man in that court of legal training knew that that was all that Deverill could bring forward in a case of this nature, founded on circumstantial evidence only; yet there was a faint suggestion in the Judge's manner. He seemed to say that if this man were really innocent he ought to, and might, have had much more to say for himself.

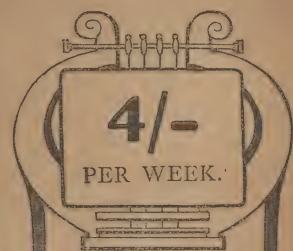
"Gentlemen," continued his Lordship, "circumstantial evidence is all that we have before us, and if there be a series of circumstances leading to the conclusion of guilt, a verdict of guilty may be satisfactorily pronounced. With respect to the motive, it is of the highest importance in cases of this description. The adequacy of that motive becomes of leading importance."

His Lordship then proceeded to comment with some detail on the evidence as given by the successive witnesses.

"We have it in evidence, gentlemen," he said—"and the prisoner has candidly admitted"—that the boots which it is alleged were worn by the man who committed the crime, and which left such unmistakable marks behind, are the property of the prisoner. It has been denied here, and with strong appearance of reason, that they could have been worn that night by other than the inmates of the prisoned house. It has been suggested to you, my learned counsel, who so ably conducted the case on behalf of the prisoner, that a missing servant, Clark, may have been the one so singularly to assume his master's footgear. I mention this, gentlemen, because I wish to direct your attention to your supreme duty at this moment—which is, to confine yourself to the evidence which has been laid before you, and to draw therefrom your own inferences and deductions."

Mordant started and looked up. Then his eye turned towards the dock. Deverill nodded, as though to remind him that he had foreseen the inevitable result.

(Continued on page 13.)



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THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Summing Up.

Mr. Justice Gascoyne was seen by all the eager watchers when he had taken his seat on the Bench to be deadly white of face. Some gave up on the spot all hope for the prisoner. Why such appearance, they asked themselves, if he had not come to the conclusion that he must discharge the terrible duty of summing up against his life-long friend? He appeared, however, in other respects as usual. The Judge knew dimly that white round things were in front of him, which he was aware were faces. He knew that, notwithstanding, away from him was one who, ten minutes before, he had succeeded in considering as an abstraction. It was different now. That abstraction had been clothed with a malignant vitality. It was an individual with the darkest attributes—an individual who had wrought him the most dreadful wrong which God's providence permits man to inflict upon his fellow-man.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, in a tone at first so low as hardly to reach the well of the court, "we have at length come to that stage in this solemn and important case when it becomes the duty of the Judge to explain to you the nature of the charge against the prisoner, and the questions and considerations upon which your verdict ought to be given. I must begin by asking you to banish from your minds all that you may have known, or heard of the prisoner, before he was placed in the dock. Some of you, doubtless, have known him personally, or at least by general reputation; and that knowledge should not be permitted by you to raise preconceptions in your minds, whether they should be favourable or unfavourable to him. It is not always from external circumstances that we may judge of mankind; the most pleasing exterior may conceal a vicious

heart; the roughest outside may sometimes clothe an excellent disposition."

Mordant, who had returned breathless into court, after having the almost fainting Lady Gascoyne to Gertrude, listened to these unnecessary words with some surprise. They seemed to intimate a feeling against Richard Deverill, whose manner and presence was so agreeable, whose local reputation was so good. What had Rosamond Gascoyne told her husband? Mordant could not believe that she had confessed.

"Gentlemen," continued his Lordship, "it gives me great satisfaction that this case has been so fully laid before you. Everything has been done that could have been done to assist you in arriving at a right conclusion. The prosecution has been conducted with great ability and fairness, and the prisoner has been ably defended by some of the most distinguished advocates at the Bar. I strongly recommend you to pay great attention to everything which fell from that advocate's lips so eloquently, so ably, and so impressively."

Mr. Justice Gascoyne paused for a considerable time here amid a hushed silence around him. The situation to him was not real. He seemed to be acting in a fantasy. The words which he had spoken had fallen mechanically from white set lips. What to him were courts and trials in this crucial moment of his life, when hope, and faith, and belief, and love, had been cut away by one sharp, unexpected stroke? Her face was before him all the time—that face which had been the beacon of his life—those eyes in which he had so confidently sought the love-light—those lips which had inspired to him the soft syllables of affection—then were all that he saw; but how changed now! cold, defiant, the eyes anguished for another's peril, the lips uttering a shameful truth that that other should be rescued from peril.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, "on the part of the prosecution, it is alleged that the deceased, Homer Brasser, came to his death by a gunshot wound. It is alleged that the prisoner at the bar had a motive for making away with the deceased; that he had or made the opportunity of shooting the deceased, and that suspicion could fall upon no one else. It is also alleged by the prosecution that his conduct immediately before the death was such as to lead us to expect in natural sequence the

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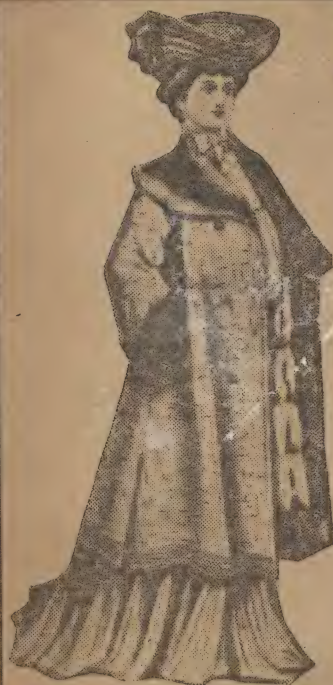
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570 High-class Tweed and Covert Coats, Fitting, Semi-fitting, and Sackie Shapes; Three-quarter Lengths; the best productions of this Season; many lined Rich Silk. A great variety of Light and Dark Greys, Fawns, Browns, and Heather Mixtures.

All 10s. each.

This Season's Price, 29s. 6d. to 63s. each.

120 Fawn Cloth Coats and Capes, very smart, for Promenade or Evening Wraps; some lined Rich Silk or Satin.

Sale Price, 29s. 6d.

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280 Fancy Plush Russian Coats, with and without Basques; Black, Brown, Beaver, Silver, etc.; lined Silk, and handsomely enriched with Silk Braid, Oriental Silk, or Gold Embroidery.

Sale Price, 29s. 11d.

This Season's Price, 3 to 7 Guineas each.

297 Fur-lined Coats.

Sale Prices, 12s. 11d. to 58 19s. 6d.

All Reduced to about Half this Season's Price.



Smart Tailor-made Coat, Dark Grey Tweed, with Black Velvet Collar, 6/11.

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The "MARVEL."

All-wool Tweed, trimmed Collar and Cuffs, deep choice Grey Opossum Fur, lined Squirrel Lock Fur. Full 36 inches long, 19/11.

Same style in Superior Tweed, 42 inches long, lined White and Grey Squirrel, first choice.

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HORDES OF EXCELLENT PRIZES.

At Messrs. Swan and Edgar's.

The great winter clearance sale, which begins on Monday next, at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, of Regent-street and Piccadilly-circus, is full of the most wonderful attractions that it has been our lot to see for many a long while. Circumstances of one kind and another seem to have conspired to make the stock not only comprehensive but entirely desirable in every particular. All the goods are absolutely fresh and beautiful, thanks to the excessive care taken in this establishment to keep the stock free from the onslaughts of fog and every other kind of atmospheric detriment, and everything is marked in plain figures.

Mothers will find this sale an excellent opportunity of fitting their boys out for their return to school, and for equipping the little nursery folk with cosy and becoming garments. There are 370 Eton jackets and vests, which are usually priced at from 25s. 6d. to 28s. 6d., that are to be cleared out during the sale at 17s. 9d.

Donegal Tweed Suits.

Capital Norfolk suits, made from Donegal and other tweeds for boys from six to seventeen years of age, are to be reduced in all sizes to 4s. 6d. The suits, fifty dozen pure wool flannel-shirts, of different sizes, usually charged for at the rate of 7s. 6d. a shirt, are to be offered at 3s. 11d. each. The same sweeping reductions prevail everywhere in this department, so whether it be dressing-gowns, pyjamas, silk blouses, underwear of all kinds, including socks and stockings, that is required, they can all be found here.

In the blouse department there are some very charming white flannel models than which nothing could be smarter, and a group of three important designs are the *crêpe de Chine* blouses that are to be sold at 18s. 11d. and 25s. 11d. apiece. All are most effectively trimmed with lace insertion, and one model that is made in lace-pleated chiffon on a Japanese foundation is cut square at the throat

for evening wear, and is delightfully decorated with drawn ribbon and lace insertion.

This house is far famed for its robes and is now making a special point of its Japanese silk ones and



Design for a useful Bridge gown, made of black spotted net with a chemisette of lemon-tinted chiffon, and beneath a large bow of orange ribbon.

a wonderful voile skirt, lined with glacé silk—and beautifully tucked and gauged, the ordinary price of which was 42s., whereas the sale price is only 21s. 9d.

It is perfectly impossible to give even a meagre idea of the benefits that Messrs. Swan and Edgar are going to bestow upon their patrons during the month of January, but the fact may be reiterated that whatsoever is wanted, from ribbons to pretty jewellery ornaments, from umbrellas to dolls, from frills and furbelows for skirts and frocks to cloaks or silken petticoats, all can be secured, and at the most advantageous prices.

Coiffure Adornments.

The flower department will be a favourite point of rendezvous for girls, who will find there many good opportunities of providing themselves with pretty coiffure adornments for the winter ball season. An exquisite floral garniture of French roses and foliage costs only 6s. 11d. at the sale, while for the same price a complete hat mount of Parma violets and foliage is obtainable.

That most useful possession, a sequin bow, is purchasable at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 11d. in black and silver upon a tortoiseshell pin; but indeed there does not seem to be any end to the delights offered by this firm. The same applies very emphatically to the bells, all of them of the newest description, and reduced to such a startling extent that for a shilling or two models that previously cost many shillings are obtainable.

At Valerie's, 12, New Burlington Street.

Monday will be a red-letter day at the above address, where the tailors is millinery of only the highest order. Perfection of colouring and taste characterises the models that Valerie makes, so the advice here given to go early on January 2 to the source of these treasures should not be neglected.

Everything at the sale is reduced to less than half-price, and, what is more, there are numbers of hats, bonnets, and toques that are to be marked at 10s. 9d. and 12s. 9d. each, though many of them are French models and are worth, of course, two or three guineas.

Inquiry should be made for a certain cloth toque trimmed very smartly with a ribbon feather, which is to be sold for 15s. 9d., and can be had in any colour. It is a type of toque that suits many faces, and so should be sent for by country customers,

on whose behalf I should like to mention the fact that my millinery will be willingly forwarded at sale prices to customers who give Valerie a London trade reference or send her a deposit.

Among the enchanting pieces of millinery that will be available on Monday morning is a most becoming marquisette toque of pale rose-coloured beaver, bound with gossamer black velvet, and finished with black and white quills. The price of this toque I know will be 14s. 9d. only, and for a shilling more there is an exquisite model of black beaver in that most becoming shape, the tricorne, adorned with black and cherry-coloured cockades and touched with a little cherry-coloured velvet.

Another most desirable bargain is a hat of pale blue cloth cunningly edged with emerald-green panne, and furthermore adorned with touches of white satin ribbon; an amazingly wonderful bargain at 10s. 6d. Do go and see these beautiful bargains, and buy them at your earliest convenience, and you will be doing yourself an excellent service.

At Messrs. Garroul's.

The woman who wishes to secure real bargains will be wise to let nothing interfere with a visit to Garroul's great winter sale, which begins on Monday morning, at 23, Edgware-road, Hyde Park, and comprises a marvellous choice of prizes.

There is a certain new washing silk, a delightfully bright and soft fabric suitable for blouses, complete toilettes and children's frocks, which is called the *Yedo*, and is to be sold at 1s. 0½d. a yard. Patterns of the silk in the thirty charming colours in which it is offered will be sent, post free, to any inquiring customer.

Oriental Satins.

For the same price some lovely Oriental satins with tiny dots and designs on white or coloured backgrounds, will be offered, and there is some really splendid *peau de soie*, completely silk throughout, that is to be reduced from 4s. 11d. to 2s. 4½d.

By no means omit to inspect the 500 *mairette* undershirts of a truly silky effect, and most valuable service, which will cost 6s. 8d.; and do not leave the building without buying a 4s. 11d. umbrella and making, or renewing, your acquaintance with the lingerie and millinery novelties. Lovely spun silk underwear is going to cost only 6s. 11d. each, instead of 12s. 6d., and the ribbed cashmere stockings at a shilling a pair will be found a very special bargain.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Much has been made," continued his Lordship, "of the disappearance of this man Clark, and inferences from his disappearance, both favourable and unfavourable to the prisoner, have been drawn. The motive of his going must necessarily weigh with you somewhat on the one side or on the other. The darkest hints, the most thinly-veiled suspicions, have been thrown out against this man, whom we know, from what has been placed before us, is a somewhat enfeebled and broken elderly man, who appears to have been for many years a faithful servant of the prisoner. The prisoner has told us himself with that candour which has distinguished him throughout this trial, that Clark was strongly attached to him. While it is just conceivable that this man's disappearance has no connection whatever with the case, such a supposition is highly improbable. You are asked, by the learned counsel for the prisoner, to infer that his disappearance resulted because he was not only a principal, but the only principal, in this act, for which the prisoner is on trial. You are asked to believe that his motive for the commission of this crime was affection for his master. The learned counsel on the other side has suggested to you that his absence results also from that affection, but that he went away because he was in possession of knowledge which would have strengthened the case against him. It is for you to judge, gentlemen, which motive is the more probable and reasonable. Did Clark go away because he had committed a crime, or to shield his master?"

The words, though distinctly adverse to Deverill, would have lost nine-tenths of their significance delivered in another manner. There was a subtle hint of derisive scorn in his Lordship's words when he put before them ingenious suppositions of Deverill's leading counsel.

And so, in a similar manner, did he deal with the incident of the gun; and then he came to the point in which he spoke of the openness with which the trait had been left. His treatment of this part was a deadly indictment of Deverill; and yet so phrased that it never seemed in words to transgress the bounds of impartiality. It left upon the jury the impression of a man actually intoxicated, inflamed by violent anger, proceeding to the commission of a crime, overmastered by a passion, for which crime there was also a great motive.

Everybody in court was now aware that the Judge was summing up dead against the prisoner; yet nobody had the slightest idea that his Lordship was uttering other than his own well-reasoned legal conclusions. Those who knew Sir Alanson Gascoyne well, who had met him time and time again when Richard Deverill was present, were awed and astonished at his cold and pitiless detachment.

His Lordship then referred to the remarkable candour displayed by the prisoner, but, under the guise of a tribute, he conveyed in subtle phrases the suggestion that practically everything admitted by Deverill was also brought forward by other witnesses. He referred quite casually to the possibility always in the prisoner's mind that at the last moment he might be confronted with Clark. "Gentlemen," said his Lordship, "the case is

now in your hands. Unless by the evidence for the prosecution a clear conviction has been brought to your minds of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to acquit him. If you came to the clear conclusion that he is guilty you will not be deterred from doing your duty by any consideration whatever. Gentlemen, I now dismiss you to consider your verdict, and may God direct you."

There was an awed hush in court. Even with the most depraved of criminals in the dock, the Judge is unable, as a rule, to conceal some sign of human feeling when he dismisses the jury which shall debate upon the life of a fellow-being. But Mr. Justice Gascoyne's voice was stern and cold, and his pallid face seemed carved in stone.

Strange to say, he kept his seat during the absence of the jury—and sat staring, staring always in front of him. It seemed almost a premonition—his staying there—for the jury were absent but twenty minutes. Their prompt return killed Mordant's last, faint hope.

The hum of excitement which circled the room at their return was instantly hushed by the formal question of the clerk, who asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you all unanimous?"

"We are," responded the foreman, in an almost inaudible voice.

"How say you, gentlemen," continued the clerk. "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The clerk then turned towards Richard Deverill, who had not moved a muscle. Judge and accused were the only two in that court who were absolutely calm.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the clerk, "you stand convicted of murder. What have you to say why the Court should not give judgment according to law?"

Deverill, standing, shook his head.

Mr. Justice Gascoyne slowly, mechanically, stretched out his hand, and threw over his head the handkerchief which is called the black cap; and then, without a tremor in his voice, proceeded to pronounce sentence.

"Richard Deverill," he said, "after an impartial trial you have been convicted by a jury of your country of the crime of wilful murder. In that verdict I myself entirely concur. You must prepare to die; and I trust that as you can expect no mercy in this world, you will, by repentance of your crime, seek it in the next. I will not attempt to harrow up your feeling by any enumeration of the circumstances of this foul murder. I content myself by passing upon you the sentence of the law; which is that you be taken from hence to the prison from whence you came, and that you be taken thence to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you be dead, and that your body be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall be last confined after your conviction, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.—Amen."

All eyes were turned upon the impassive prisoner. He stood with bowed head for an instant, then lifted his eyes and sought those of Mordant. There was appeal in the glance—an appeal which Mordant intuitively understood. Then the prisoner disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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Mr. F. Fitton's GLUECKAUF, 10st 10lb T. Fitton 3
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Cypka (10st 10lb), Wild Gander (10st 10lb), Gallant Blue
Cyph. 10lb, Sangreavon (10st 10lb), Topk. Bluff, 10lb.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

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Most of the members of the English cricket team for the West Indies will leave Paddington by the 10.48 a.m. train to-day, and will journey from Bristol by the Elder Dempster steamship Port Kingston. They are due to

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

the dropping of Woodward in the amateur side. He is still the best centre in England, and he is playing now as well as he ever did in his life. CITIZEN.

The Trial Team Not the Best The

selves from the tendency of the Kafir market, and were disposed to improve all round, Nile Valleys and North Niles being 2½ bid.

START THE DAY RIGHT!

A good start is half the race. If you suffer from

Breakfast-Table Peevishness

you commence all wrong. A world of meaning is contained in this phrase, and if the trouble arises from an impaired digestive system or "a bad night" you will find a world of relief in a box of

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... a draw.

... in that through
... deprived of a
... As far as this
... more can be done,
... draw. The point
... Board, and the
... story on the next
... point of law.

... this afternoon, and
... es. Most people
... Richmond ground
... The Scotsman have
... annual tour, and the
... Leicester on Thursday
... a heavy task before

... tory Field, but though
... reason, I doubt whether
... hold their own against
... play London Welsh at
... exciting game should be
... up to their old standard
... side.

TOUCH JUDGE.

MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

LEAGUE—Division I.

Woolwich Arsenal v. New
... City v. Gains
... N.E. Derby County v. Sheffield U.
... North Forest v. Waver
... Manchester
... Sheffield Wednesday v. Mid-
... Westbrough.

Division II.

Leicester Fosse v. Blackpool
... Limer v. City of Doncaster R.
... Manchester United v. Burn-
... W. Bromwich A. v. Burnley.
... W. Rotherham v. W. Rotherham.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Portsmouth v. Portsmouth.
... Park Rangers v. Queens
... Fulham v. Tottenham R.
... Wellingborough v. Swindon.
... Southampton v. Luton.

Division II.

Portsmouth R. v. Reading R.
... Swindon R. v. Southampton.
... SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.
... Queens Park Rangers R. v.
... Hastings and St. Leonards v.
... Brighton and Hove A. R.

Batley v. Leeds.
... Wakefield Trinity v. Brough-
... ton Rangers.
... Salford v. H. U. F. A.
... Widnes v. Hull.
... Division II.
... Barrow v. Huddersfield.
... Bransby v. Dewsbury.
... Brighouse Rangers.
... Division II.
... Carlisle v. Pontefract.
... Keighley v. Normanton.
... Brighouse Rangers.

SHRUBE SLAKES FOR AUSTRALIA.

Alfred Shrubb (the one, four, and ten miles flat-racing amateur champion, national and international cross-country champion, and holder of world's amateur records at all distances from a mile and a half to eleven miles) left Tilly's Docks yesterday afternoon by the Orient liner Oriana for Melbourne, where he is due to arrive on or about February 25. His first race after landing will be on February 25.

From Melbourne he will proceed to Sydney (N.S.W.); thence to Wellington and Auckland (New Zealand); from there to Victoria, and on to Christchurch for the New Zealand champion-hips.

As at present arranged Shrubb will leave New Zealand on April 17, and should be due in London on May 25.

GORDON-BENNETT CUP.

At the present moment six countries have signified their intention of competing in the next Gordon-Bennett race over the Auvergne Circuit in the last week in June. They are as follows:—England, Austria, Italy, Germany, France, and America. Belgium and Switzerland are also expected to submit entries. So far only 15 cars have been entered for England, and these include four Napier's. The French club has received some forty-three names, which include the well-known names Richard-Brasier, Mors, De Dietrich, Panhard, Gobron-Brillie, Renault, and Turcat-Méry.

NOVEL GOLF MATCH.

An extremely interesting event has been decided on the Worcestershire Golf Club links, at Malvern. Nine members of the Foster family, of cricket, football, and rackets fame, opposed a team representing the Worcestershire Club in a golf contest.

The family team consisted of the Rev. H. Foster, his seven sons, and one daughter. The Worcestershire side was fairly representative of the strength of the club. The club won the singles by 64 points to 34, and halved the foursomes, thus proving successful by 4 points. Mr. R. L. Foster, the international footballer and cricket record-holder, led his father's team.

... HOW ...

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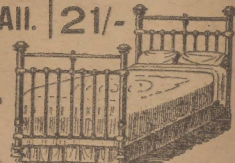
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